

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



## NEWSPAPER

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FRANCE.—AN ATTACK UPON THE PRUSSIAN, SHELTERED BY A REDOUBT, IN THE VILLAGE OF LE BOURGET, UNDER THE RAYS OF AN ELECTRIC LIGHT, ON THE NIGHT OF SEPTEMBER 24.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL FRENCH ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 83.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 22, 1870.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves as such are impostors.

Notice.

To our subscribers in Texas. Owing to the disordered condition of Postal affairs throughout the State, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for money forwarded us, unless sent by means of Post Office Order, Draft, or Express. It is unsafe to register letters. This notice only applies to Texas.

EFFECTS OF THE WAR ON RUSSIA, TURKEY AND ENGLAND.

THE effects of the present European war on the actual and comparative conditions of France and Germany—destroying the military prestige of the former, while unifying the heretofore inharmonious States of Fatherland into one great Confederacy that now ranks foremost among the nations of the Old World—are in themselves certainly wonderful enough to render the contest one of the most remarkable that ever occurred. Yet, those effects will be vastly heightened by the influence which they must directly or indirectly exert on other countries—in Asia as well as in Europe.

As a specimen of these effects, see the movements already in progress in Italy. The work of Italian Unification, through the destruction of the Papal temporal power and the adoption of Rome as the Italian Capital, has been already mentioned by us as one of the great results seemingly inseparable from the state of things created by the Franco-German conflict.

Still mightier consequences will probably show themselves quickly in reference to three prominent empires, including a large portion of the globe, and of the human race—Russia, Turkey and Great Britain being actors in this great drama.

The consummation of two leading objects of Russian ambition seems now in a fair way of speedy accomplishment. One of these objects is the expulsion of the Turks from Europe—involving the transference of the Russian Capital to Constantinople, immense incidental advantages in the control of the Black Sea, and in other respects, military, commercial and political. The signs of the times indicate the closeness of these latter events. In the way things are now going—warfare being carried on with almost magical celerity, through the facilities of railways, steamers, and telegraphs, along with the greatly-increased efficiency of warlike weapons—it will scarcely surprise reflecting observers if next Christmas shall witness the Infidel Crescent flying from, and the Russo-Greek Cross flying over, the city of Constantinople. The dreams of Peter and of Catharine, and of all prominent Russian statesmen and ecclesiastics since their times, will probably be realized in a way and with a suddenness which no one could have reasonably imagined, even three months ago. The great obstacles in the path of Russian ambition have been removed by the circumstances that deprive France and Great Britain of the power to protect the Sultan any longer. The effete monarch, whom Russia once styled the "sick man of Europe"—unaided now by the political doctors that have long preserved a show of vitality in him—must soon "give up the ghost" (at least as far as European possessions are concerned) in favor of the Russian Emperor, who will promptly "administer" on that portion of the Sultan's estate, with "contingent interest" in the Asiatic balance of the Turkish dominions. The extinction of Papal temporal power in Rome, in the same year with the triumph of the Russo-Greek Cross over the Infidel Crescent at Constantinople, would form a coincidence rendering this year of Our Lord particularly memorable in the annals of three great sects—the Roman Catholic, the Russo-Greek, and the Mohammedan.

The march of important events will probably continue actively in an Eastern direction. The progress of Russian arms and intrigue—the latter being equally effective with the former among the native princes, as signally indicated recently at Bokhara, and in other Asiatic principalities—has brought the Russian power into ominous proximity with the British in the East Indies. The impossibility of Great Britain much longer defending her Oriental possessions against the movements of Russia will probably be seen soon after the Turks are expelled from Europe. What power in Europe or Asia is now able or willing to interfere in preventing the consummation of the magnificent policy to which all Russian eyes have long turned for realizing the "manifest destiny" to which Russian statesmanship has steadily tended since the days of Peter the Great?

SOME OF THE GREAT QUESTIONS OF THE TIMES.

EVERYTHING concerning the sale or appropriation of the public lands has universal and enduring interest, requiring attention from people in every section of the Union—as our whole population is interested under the equitable laws entitling every actual settler to a homestead substantially free of expense, as long as the supply of land holds out. The uses made of this vast domain affect not the present age alone, but future generations also, to an extent that can only be estimated properly by those who reflect far more upon the subject than is commonly done. With another session of Congress at hand, it behooves the community to look quickly and sharply at the numerous projects afoot for plundering this rich inheritance. Those projects are "legion" in number—in their demands enormous.

The desperate onset made by scheming land-grabbers was resisted with more firmness than we anticipated at the last session of Congress. Railway projects of all sorts, from the West and Southwest, demanding immense donations, with unrestricted terms of sale, were pressed upon Congressmen, with a degree of pertinacity that threatened, but luckily failed, to break through all opposition.

Our objection lies not alone against further donations—for some moderate ones might be usefully made, in a few special cases—but it is strongly directed against the unguarded manner in which they are generally made. Grants for facilitating the construction of railroads in some vast unsettled or sparsely-settled regions, especially where there are no navigable water-courses, may be excused as far as already made, and may be very moderately repeated under exceptional circumstances—but not a single grant should be made, on any pretext, unless under restrictions compelling sales to actual settlers at moderate rates, and recognizing "homestead" rights. The vast appropriations already made have given an impetus to railroad building which will extend the iron tracks in most cases fast enough, without trenching much further on the public lands.

But, as some more grants will probably be made, we insist, and the people generally should unite in requiring, that such grants shall be very few, very moderate, and very restricted—so as to secure the faithful appropriation of the land to railroad extension, not to increasing the possessions of overgrown corporations or scheming speculators—with provisions compelling the sale of granted lands on the same, or nearly similar terms (\$2.50 per acre) as the reserved Government sections are salable—the Government doubling the usual price, \$1.25 per acre, within the bounds of railroad grants).

With the views here briefly expressed, we watched with profound interest certain movements at the late session of Congress for promoting reform and preventing further abuses in this vital branch of National Policy. In common with many others who have turned attention to our Public Land System in all its important aspects, we rejoiced at the resolution offered and ably sustained by Senator Howell of Iowa—which we now quote, as embodying substantially our general opinions in this direction:

"Resolved, That the Committee on Public Lands and the Committee on the Pacific Railroad be instructed to insert in all bills hereafter reported for grants of lands to aid in the construction of railroads, a provision which will secure the rights of settlers to homesteads on such grants, and require that the sale of the lands thereof shall be made at the same price as the alternate sections of the Government lands, in order to promote the speedy occupation of said lands and the rapid settlement of the section of country in which they may be located, and to protect the people against the evil of land monopoly."

What reasonable objection can be urged against such restrictions in any future land grants for railways, canals or other purposes? Stringent provisions are imperatively required for preventing repetition of evils which are now exciting alarm and indignation at the management of enormous subsidies already granted. The provisions of Howell's resolution are well calculated to promote reform—sweeping and immediate reform. Particular attention is invited toward the requirement that actual settlers, under the "Homestead Law," shall be protected in locating along all future railways or canals subsidized by Government—the railroad and canal companies being entitled to receive compensation in any contiguous unappropriated land for any deduction made by homesteads on the sections within limits of their grants. Is not this eminently equitable? Public policy combines with private right in demanding that the proposed safeguards shall be adopted at the earliest practicable period of the coming Congressional session. It is hardly possible that any disinterested legislators can fail to see the matter in the plain practical light with which it is here presented. Failure to appreciate the subject will expose Congressmen opposing such reform to the imputation of having been "seen" in company with lobbyists and land-sharks.

If Senator Howell's resolution is not early approved at the approaching session, the "Ring" may become too powerful against it. The incorporation of the proposed rules in our National Land Policy before any further grants are made, would be of vast service to the people—ranking among the most valuable reformatory measures of the age.

Here are some important matters of National and social policy, on which Workingmen's Societies, Equal Rights Conventions and Agricultural Societies should promptly express opinions. Still more needful is it that the Press throughout the Union shall make its views known before the reassembling of Congress, so that no member of either branch of the National Legislature can plead ignorance of public opinion concerning these essential questions in our National Land Policy.

RELIGIOUS EDIFICES AND THEIR SURROUNDINGS.

AMONG the objects generally attracting attention from visitors in this metropolitan city, and especially among Episcopallians, Trinity Church and its chapel of St. Paul's are prominent—within a few blocks of each other on Broadway, in the most frequented portion of that great thoroughfare. Until recently, all such persons, as well as our own citizens, must have felt regret at seeing the desolate-looking graveyards surrounding those edifices—relics of the old and bad practice of making "churchyards" serve also for "graveyards," as the sanctuaries of the living and the resting-places of the dead were commonly and gloomily styled.

Sanitary law and common-sense have long vetoed intra-mural interments; but, even if such were not the case, the grounds around Trinity and St. Paul's were so crowded, that few spaces were left large enough for another grave, though some more bodies might have been stored in the "vaults" constructed in long-gone years to prevent favored clay from intermingling with common earth. The old tombstones, mostly ornamented with death's-heads and cross-bones, interspersed with others having sculptured angels scarcely less frightful—some few more appropriate monuments being scattered among them—have been carefully protected against secular encroachments, the powerful churches bidding defiance to street-opening speculators and corporation plunderers; and hence there are luckily two spots in this great city where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," undisturbed by spades, pickaxes, omnibuses and rail-cars. But, until lately, the pictures presented by these congregated tombstones were anything but pleasant—fitted, in fact, to excite disgust rather than reverence.

Now, at last, however, there is a satisfactory change. The examples long ago set by Greenwood and other cemeteries around us showed how the resting-places of the dead may be rendered pleasant resorts for the living. Those examples, or some other good influences, finally set the vestrymen of Trinity and St. Paul's to work in running neat graveled winding walks through the pathless wildernesses of tombstones; and shrubs and flowers have been planted wherever vacancies allowed, till the formerly ill-looking "graveyards" have been clothed with something of the rural beauty which Heaven benevolently places within reach of all who will avail themselves of its bounty. Thus have the grounds around two of our most venerable religious edifices been rendered comparatively pleasant, though much may yet be done to complete the good work; and we note the fact with particular pleasure, as the floral ornamentation of these "churchyards" will undoubtedly start the officers of hundreds or thousands of other churches through the land to "go and do likewise" with the grounds under their control, whether they be "churchyards" or "graveyards." Example in high quarters is contagious. Clergymen or trustees who see how Trinity and St. Paul's are now surrounded, will scarcely delay long in showing how a little money and labor will richly repay all efforts in embellishing their own church-lots in similar fashion.

And this prelude induces us to "improve" the occasion, as our clerical friends sometimes say, by a few remarks connected with matters on which we have been long laboring with pen and pencil.

Having devoted much, and intending to devote more space to depicting and describing the churches of all sects in all portions of the Union, a few words may not now be considered inapplicable in connection with the "surroundings" of such edifices—urging speedy improvement, where things are not already in proper order.

It is surprising to see the shameful way that many congregations throughout the United States allow the grounds and "fixings" around their edifices to show signs of carelessness strongly contrasting with the good taste and liberal expenditure bestowed on their religious structures. The "lot" is too frequently allowed to run to weeds, or to be

disfigured with other nuisances less excusable—matters which, in many cases, the sexton or any laborer could remedy by a few days' or even hours' labor. Fences are more or less permitted to show signs of dilapidation, which a few nails or a little paint would quickly restore to their original trim appearance. "Walks" are frequently run helter-skelter over the grass, where there is room for grass to grow—instead of being confined to neatly-graveled tracks; and gates are often allowed to swing—if they can swing—on broken hinges, with latches incapable of "catching"; and breaches in fences, as well as injured gates, often allure cattle to browse and hogs to root among the grass or shrubbery, if there be any such things within the church lot. Negligence in these matters is also a temptation to boys, some of them being of "larger growth," whose frolics are better suited to base-ball grounds and other resorts for boisterous amusements. As for shade, shrubbery, and flowers, there is too frequently a meagre account—the church-edifice being left "alone in (not exactly) its glory," but in a state of desolate nakedness, unrelieved by any one of the adornments which every family of common taste would like to see around a dwelling. This destitution is surely more through carelessness than niggardliness; for it is improbable that congregations, after building costly churches, would boggle at the comparatively trifling expense of planting trees, shrubbery, and flowers, to render the grounds not unworthy of the stately edifices. It is said, very truly, that the man

"Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,  
Will never mark the marble with his name";

And it might be added, that, having so built the structure, he certainly would not leave the grounds in a state of squalor—discreditable anywhere, but particularly offensive around an edifice consecrated for Divine worship. What would be thought of a person spending many thousands in erecting a large and costly residence, and then leaving everything at "loose ends" around the house? If an individual would thus render himself ridiculous or contemptible, what shall be said about the persons blamable for all such remissness concerning church surroundings? The clergyman, as well as the congregation and sexton, suffers in well-balanced minds for all such negligence—for people will not readily believe that, if he presented the subject to his congregation in a proper light, the flock would not readily furnish funds to meet the required expense—which would not ordinarily be much—for placing the church grounds somewhat in unison with the style of an edifice devoted to the worship of the Almighty God. In future descriptions of churches, we hope to be favored with some remarks concerning the condition of the grounds as well as respecting the architecture of the edifices, that thus the reader may properly appreciate the good taste, or want of taste, prevalent among all concerned—among clergymen, sextons, and congregations.

OUTLINE MAP OF THE CITY OF PARIS.—On page 86 will be found an outline map of the "View of Paris" published gratuitously with No. 785 of this journal. In it are numbered, and underneath, corresponding to those numbers, printed the names of the principal superstructures and prominent places in the beleaguered capital. The Key is explicit. It was compiled with great care, and will be found invaluable to those who may desire to follow, from point to point within the fortifications, the movements of the besieged, and possibly, in a few weeks, of those who are about to assail it and its defenders with heavy siege-guns.

CONSCIENCE MONEY.—It is reported that, during the past year, the United States has received, in various sums, a total of \$353,397 sent to satisfy the "consciences" of men who have swindled the Government out of that sum. Office-holders who think of becoming speculators will please observe that it is one thing to steal the Republic's cash, and quite another matter to enjoy it. But it is rather discouraging to reflect that, when so much money is returned, there must be a great deal more still unlawfully retained by persons to whom Providence has vouchsafed no "conscience" to speak of. If everybody would pay up, and everybody else would resolve to steal no more, what flush times there would be in the Department!

PRUSSIA WILL PROBABLY RECOGNIZE THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.—A highly important communication from the Prussian Prime Minister, Count von Bismarck, appeared in the London journals of the 7th inst., in which he distinctly avows that the existence of a Republic in France can work no danger to Germany. He says, dating his note from Marseilles, near Paris, in the afternoon of the 6th:

"I do not hold the opinion that the Republican institutions of France constitute danger for Germany; nor have I, as asserted in a letter of the 17th of September, published in the London Daily Telegraph, ever expressed such a view to Mr. Mallet, or to any other person."

BISMARCK."



This, of course, is not an official recognition of the Government of France *de facto et de jure*; but it shows that if proper terms are offered, or the demands of Prussia accepted, no difficulty on this account will be regarded as a barrier to peace. In other words, Bismarck and his master, accepting the logic of events, look upon *l'Empire c'est mort*!

**THE REPORTED DEATH OF GENERAL MOLTKE.**—There seems to be no foundation for the rumored death of Moltke. If he were dead, there would be no good reason for concealing the fact. The great general's military plans were no doubt all perfected long ago, and the Prussian commanders are fully competent to execute them. Then, again, Bismarck does nothing unwisely. If he desired to keep the death a secret, he would not parade the body in a sumptuous leaden casket, but would hide it away in some safe place. Finally, it was not Moltke's, but the Prince of Mecklenburg-Schwerin's body that puzzled the newsmongers so sorely, and the great Prussian general is said to be alive and well!

### HOOPING-COUGH.

BY A. K. GARDNER, M.D.

HOOPING-COUGH (*Pertussis*—chln-cough) is not often a very serious disease, yet occasionally one dies from it. The only case that I have myself seen succumbing to it was my own only son, when but a few weeks old. To most contagious diseases the newly-born child is generally exempt. Scarlet fever and measles, and often smallpox, will be in a family, and every one in it not free from it by reason of previous attacks will be seized with it, except the child nursing at the breast. Quite on the contrary, a child born into a house where hooping-cough is present will be most likely to take this disease immediately, and will cough in a very few days afterward, and the disease will be fully recognizable in a week's time.

This disease commences very much like a common cold, often with a running at the nose, sneezing, redness of the eyes, a dry cough, and febrile symptoms. In quite a proportion of cases there is also local inflammatory affection of the lungs to a greater or less extent. Gradually, however, the general symptoms subside, but the cough increases and takes on a more marked paroxysmal character, till finally, at about the end of a week or ten days, there is a well-marked, distinct hoop, upon inspiration, added to the characteristic paroxysmal manifestation. The disease has now passed the *first or catarrhal inflammatory stage*, and entered upon the second or spasmodic stage.

Now, at irregular intervals, without any apparently defined cause, and also when suddenly startled, aroused from sleep, or desiring to drink, the child is seized with an irresistible impulse to cough, and the cough is broken instead of occupying the entire period of expiration, and this is continued until all the air is expelled from the lungs. Then comes the inspiration, which is long and forcible, and accompanied by a hooping sound, as if the breath were drawn, as it really is, through a contracted passage. This continues for a more or less prolonged period—from half a second to sometimes fifteen minutes, with slight intervals.

The paroxysm is often a most fearful spectacle. The child, that, perhaps, is sleeping in the sweet unconsciousness of innocence, is awakened by this fearful cough and a sense of strangulation. It leaps up from the bed into a sitting posture, and seizes upon any one standing near, as if in fear, and for support. The face becomes flushed, tumid, sometimes of a purplish or livid hue; the veins in the neck and throat are distended, and the eyes seemingly about to be forced out of the head, blood-shot, and suffused with tears. It would appear as if strangulation was imminent. In violent cases the blood escapes from the nose, mouth, and ears, and the urine and feces are discharged involuntarily. No wonder fond parents are alarmed at the apparently imminent danger and evident fear and suffering of the child.

Gradually, however, the paroxysm lessens in intensity, and the cough ceases entirely. The child is apparently feeble and trembling after the gust has passed away. The pulse and breathing are both hurried, as would be expected. Soon, however, the child seems as before, and, apparently forgetful of the past trouble, playing about as ever. This is the general character of the *second stage*.

The "let up" of the paroxysm is accompanied by an expectoration of a strong, stringy mucus, sometimes in very large quantities, colorless, unless streaked with blood, and without odor. Sometimes it would seem as if it was the difficulty of expectorating this that was the cause of the entire difficulty; at others it is discharged with such great ease that it seems to have no relation to the spasmodic action. Frequently it is not got rid of until its exit is arrested by the straining accompanying vomiting. When the stomach has thus been emptied, the relieved child will proceed immediately to eating, as if nothing had happened.

The paroxysms generally increase in intensity for about four weeks, when the disease usually reaches its height. It seems then to remain almost stationary for some three weeks longer, and from this period it begins to gradually decline, constituting the *third stage of the complaint*—the paroxysms getting less and less frequent, and their intensity diminishing, till the hoop entirely fades away, and shortly after every trace of the catarrhal symptoms disappear likewise.

This is the ordinary manifestation in the *simple cases*, but it is liable to various modifications. If the disease appears in the fall or win-

ter, it may continue until the balmy spring air carries away the last traces; for even when it has entirely disappeared, and no hoop has been noticed for some weeks even, it will sometimes reappear with almost as marked severity as before, upon the occasion of some cold, or slight bronchial irritation after exposure.

In some cases the disease is so slight as to be with difficulty determined; in others the severity of the paroxysms seems to threaten suffocation, and by the pressure at the brain, fatal convulsions are sometimes brought on, or the child dies from asphyxia, from the complete closure of the glottis. Sometimes, when very prolonged, the emaciation is so great as to be exhaustive. But with proper treatment such cases are rare. The greatest danger arises from the complication with other diseases, as inflammation of the lungs and contagious diseases, cholera infantum, etc.

Treatment in mild cases is almost unnecessary, a slight expectorant being all that is required. The first stage needs the treatment ordinary to inflammatory diseases of the chest and air-passages, and, usually being unsuspected, it is thus treated.

The second stage requires anti-spasmodic treatment, and almost all the cough medicines contain assafoetida in large proportion. This may be given with benefit in twenty-drop doses of the tincture, in a little sweetened milk, or a teaspoonful in a tablespoonful of warm milk and water, as an injection into the bowels, once or twice a day. I have usually made a prescription something like the following for a child a year or two old:

Camphor Mixture.....	2 drachms.
Tinct. of Assafoetida.....	2 drachms.
Hydrocyanic Acid.....	20 drops.
Syrup of Ipecac.....	2 drachms.
Tinct. Lobelia.....	1/2 drachm.
Tinct. Cocaine.....	1 drachm.
Syrup of Tolu.....	1 ounce.
Mix: from a half to a teaspoonful every two to four hours.	

As the disease declines, the treatment should not be stopped, but diminished in quantity and frequency. If the debility should be great, tonics may be required—bark, iron, etc. In case of convulsions occurring in the course of the disease, the assafoetida should be given as recommended already, and in increased doses; garlic poultices to the feet, frictions with garlic and spirit along the spine, and perhaps a warm bath.

Vaccination is said to have a decided modifying influence over the disease; if, therefore, the child has not been vaccinated, a trial should be made of its alleged prophylactic properties. I have seen no satisfactory results from this treatment.

The diet in the first stage should be moderate and unstimulating. In the second and third, light but nutritious—milk, eggs, soups, the boiled breast of fowl, custards, jellies, and the like.

During the first stage the child should be kept in a warm, close room, but as he advances into the purely spasmodic stage he will obtain great benefit from pure, dry air. Indeed, there is no greater benefit derivable than from a change of air—more particularly from the city into the country or to mountain air. Dryness of atmosphere is especially desirable, but any change is apt to be beneficial, even from one part of the town to another. In the winter a permanent removal to a warm climate is useful.

Hooping-cough is mainly a disease of children, and as a general rule occurs but once in the same individual, yet parents are very apt to have a sympathetic spasmodic cough when their children are suffering, even when they are known to have themselves had the disease as children.

When adults have the disease for the first time, which rarely happens, it is very apt to be quite severe and alarming to the patient. It has sometimes been mistaken for rapid consumption, and patients have hurried off to Havana and like warm climates, at an undesirable expense and loss of business. A careful diagnosis, with auscultation, will generally determine the condition of things better.

### A FIGHT UNDER THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

MARSHAL BAZAINE, who, with a hundred thousand men, the flower of the French army, is shut up by the victorious German soldiery in Metz, devised a system of electric light, of intense power, and portable, anterior to the opening of the present war, for the use of the army when in the field. Repeated experiments were made with it at Chalons, and also in the Champs Elysées; and it was pronounced a very useful adaptation of the apparatus by which, some years ago, it was proposed to illuminate the boulevards of Paris, substituting the electric flame for that of gas. In the night attack at Le Bourget, on the 26th of September, which was a very serious affair for the Prussians, the light did capital service. Sheltered behind a house, the Prussians had run up a redoubt of bricks. A night attack took place at this point, and the light-apparatus was brought into requisition. A battalion of the Breton Mobiles and National Guards advanced upon the enemy, whose eyes were dazzled by the light, while the French forces were in the shade. Cannon from the fort fired upon the house which protected the redoubt, and the Prussians, surprised and thrown into confusion by the unexpected manoeuvre, were routed, and left five hundred prisoners in the hands of the mobiles.

### THE CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO.

We present this week an engraving of the Castle of St. Angelo, Rome, the temporary residence of the Pope. Until fifteen or twenty days ago, the Head of the Church Universal resided at the Vatican, in the midst of the most magnificent works of art the mind of man has conceived or the hand of man executed. The rapid march, under Cardona, of the Italian

soldiery ordered to take Rome at any cost, alarmed his Holiness, who, urged thereto by his ministers and advisers, retired from his more exposed residence to the fortress named. As the *plebiscitum* held on Sunday, 2d inst., has definitely disposed of the temporal claims of the Pontiff, by authorizing the permanent annexation of the Eternal City and its surrounding territory to the Kingdom of Italy, it is now probable he will return to his old apartments in the palace, that he may be nearer the altar of St. Peter than, if he continued in the castle, he would be. The circular fortress, now called St. Angelo, connecting, by a covered way, the old home of Pio Nono, was erected toward the close of the reign of the Emperor Adrian, A.D. 135, and was constructed for his mausoleum. It was subsequently turned into a fortress, and is now used as a reformatory for petty offenders. The walls of the castle are strong, but they could not long withstand a siege battery of modern artillery.

### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

#### The Sharpshooters of the Vosges Attacking a Prussian Convoy.

There exists at the present time in France a body of sharpshooters, called the "Francs-Tireurs des Vosges," who have been formed with a regard to the peculiarities of mountain fighting, in which not so much the massing, manoeuvring, and concentrating of men and the exercise of great military skill and science are required, as strength and agility of body, coolness and presence of mind under difficulties, and skill in the use of firearms. The "Francs-Tireurs des Vosges," it is claimed, possess these latter characteristics more abundantly than any other troops in France, and are held in proportionate esteem. Our illustration represents an attack of a detachment of these troops on a convoy guarded by some Prussian cavalry. The Prussians fought well, but the French fought better, and being taken by surprise, the former surrendered, bag and baggage, to the French, who carried them in triumph to the fortress of Pfalsbourg, where the prisoners were secured, and the ammunition and provisions converted to the use of the garrison. The Francs-Tireurs are mostly composed of the peasants of Alsace and Lorraine—in whose countries the Vosges are situated—who are a strong and hardy race of men, possessing a thorough knowledge of the country, and skilled in the use of firearms, to which they have been accustomed from their boyhood up.

#### Foreigners at the Prefecture of Police.

When the war between France and Prussia broke out, there was a large number of foreigners, both resident and temporary, in Paris, who naturally, as the war progressed and it was apparent that the siege of Paris would be next in the order of things, became anxious to leave the city, in which it was dangerous for them to remain longer, as they would be exposed to the fury of Prussians and Frenchmen alike. Some of them, the Germans, for instance, all suspected persons, and "useless mouths," were forcibly expelled from the city. The scene at the Prefecture of Police, on the departure of wealthy English and Americans "doing" the Continental tour, was very amusing and picturesque.

#### Paris—Feting the Statue of the City of Strasbourg.

The heroic defense of Strasbourg has excited in Paris the greatest admiration for the inhabitants and garrison of that city, the bulwark of France along the Rhine, and night after night a vast crowd assembles before the statue in honor of that city, on the Place de la Concorde, and cheer for the patriotic inhabitants, decorate it with garlands of flowers, and manifest in many other ways their appreciation of the heroic conduct of the Strasbourgers, and the importance of the defense of that place as long as possible. The Legislature, not to be behind the people in recognizing their claims to consideration, passed a unanimous vote of thanks to the city and garrison of Strasbourg in general, and General Uhlrich in particular. This monument, besides the interest which centres around it at the present time, has other claims upon the consideration of him who has an eye for taste, elegance and artistic skill. It is built of white marble, triangular in shape, and terminated at the top by a statue of the goddess of Liberty, whose feet rest upon a cannon. While these scenes took place in Paris, others of a more serious nature were transpiring around the walls of the doomed city of Strasbourg. One of these, the burning and sacking of the village of Schildeheim, and the burning of the cathedral and adjacent houses, we reproduce this week for the benefit of our readers. Schildeheim is a little village a mile or so below Strasbourg, containing a few hundred inhabitants, and was recently entered by a detachment of the Prussian army besieging Strasbourg, sacked and burned, the poor inhabitants hastily collecting their goods and chattels and fleeing before the enemy, who met with no resistance save that afforded by a few stragglers, who, being either unable to secure their property or not having any to take away, attacked them from behind every imaginable shelter, inflicting considerable damage.

#### Prussian Uhlans.

In a recent number of this journal was published a short account of the Uhlans, or lancers, attached to the Prussian army, and of which they are esteemed an effective force. It is not therefore necessary to repeat the story of their origin. When the unhappy kingdom of Poland was seized by Russia, Austria, and Prussia, and divided between them, as freebooters do their prey, a regiment of lancers were incorporated into the Prussian army. It was soon seen that these Uhlans could be made effective, and as their value became more and more apparent, their numbers were added to, until they grew into a powerful body of cavaliers. In the present war between France and Prussia, for daring and endurance the Uhlans have made for themselves an enviable name among their compatriots, while the French regard them with the utmost terror, flying from them in the utmost confusion wherever their long shafts, with pennants flying, are seen poised for the charge. Our engraving represents a party of Uhlans conveying provisions to an encampment.

#### Garde Mobile Pursuing a Corps of Bavarian Cavalry.

This spirited engraving represents a scene which occurred in the valley of Rille, consequent on the siege of Schelestadt by the Prussian forces. Schelestadt is situated on the left bank of the river Ill, in

the department of Lower Rhine, twenty-six miles southwest of Strasbourg, with which it is connected by railway. It was fortified by Vauban, and is naturally strong, being surrounded by marshes, which render the country almost impassable for artillery. Its population is about fifteen thousand, engaged principally in the manufacture of woolen hosiery, calicoes, brass and iron wire, paper, and earthenware. It is garrisoned chiefly with Gardes Mobiles, who recently repulsed, in a most gallant style, a body of Bavarian cavalry, who tried to force a passage across the bridge, which was protected on the side toward the fortress by a barricade hastily thrown up. Behind this the Mobiles posted themselves, and received the Prussians with a galling fire, which soon threw them into disorder, that became a rout when the French, disdaining the shelter of their works, sprang upon the bridge and charged with leveled bayonets, driving the enemy off, and for some distance from it.

#### Country People Moving into Paris.

Upon the news of the reverses of the French arms and the march of the Crown-Prince of Prussia upon Paris, a general stampede of the inhabitants of the cluster of little villages around Paris into the city took place, and "confusion worse confounded" prevailed throughout the suburbs of Paris for the space of several days. Our spirited engraving in the "Foreign Spirit" gives a good idea of this scene.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

"LITTLE NELL, THE MARCHIONESS" is being played by Lotta at Niblo's Theatre this week.

THE Bonn Beethoven Festival is fixed to take place in the spring of 1871, should there be peace.

MILIE NILSSON will fulfill an engagement in St. Petersburg on the completion of her American tour.

A PIANOFORTE score of Wagner's "Rheingold" and "Walkyrie," arranged for two performers, is about to be published.

THE Grand English Opera Troupe commence their New York engagement October 24, with the most complete repertoire.

THE grand new opera of Vienna is spoken of as a partial failure; like opera-houses nearer home, it cannot be made to pay.

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS closed her engagement at Wood's Museum on October 1st, and has started on her professional tour of the States.

MADAME ADELINA PATTI has returned to England, and will appear in a series of concerts in the large provincial towns during the autumn.

THE old New York Theatre, having been thoroughly renovated by Sandy Spencer, has been opened to the public under the name of "The Globe."

THE "Black Crook" will be revived at Niblo's Theatre, New York, in December next. Miss Pauline Markham has been engaged for the spectacle.

LAWRENCE BARRETT appeared at the Pittsburgh (Pa.) Opera House the last days of September, playing in "Trac as Steel," and other familiar pieces.

MR. J. K. EMMET made his first appearance of the season in Washington, D. C., on the 26th ult., and as Fritz, our Cousin German, was enthusiastically received.

MR. E. LAMB, the favorite comedian of the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, is having a Realistic Play written for him, by a popular author, which he will shortly produce.

GUSTAVE FREITAG, the author of "Debit and Credit" and the "Lost Manuscript," is the official chronicler of the war at the headquarters of the Crown-Prince of Prussia.

MRS. ARABELLA GODDARD has been lately performing at Boulogne-sur-Mer for the benefit of wounded soldiers. According to the French papers, she has had a great success.

It is expected that Cherubini's "Les Deux Journées" will shortly be produced in an English dress, at the Gaiety Theatre, London, with Mr. Santley in the character of the Water-Carrier.

THE sprightly Lotta changed her bill at Niblo's Theatre, New York, last week, and gave six representations of the "Ticket-of-Leave Man," appearing in the part of Sam Willoughby.

NICOLAI's "Merry Wives of Windsor" was brought out by the German Opera Troupe, for several weeks past, at the Stadt Theatre, New York, on the 6th inst., with the favorite Carl Fornes as Falstaff.

MARIE SEEBACH presented on the 5th, for the first time, the wonderfully dramatic story of "Jane Eyre." The Fourteenth-street Theatre was crowded, and the distinguished tragedienne received a well-deserved ovation.

THE drama of "Man and Wife," now being played at the Fifth-avenue Theatre, was originally founded on the case of "Yelverton versus Yelverton," which was tried in England some years ago, and most of the facts stated there are actual occurrences.

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL drew an immense audience recently at Manchester, England, to witness their impersonations. Over four thousand persons applauded the "Marseillaise," and when Mr. Howard Paul appeared as Napoleon III. there was a furore.

THEY are soon to have a child's theatre in New York, where all the infant phenomena of the day are to appear as actors and actresses. The pieces are to be specially adapted to children, with child-like dialogue, and plots turning on the passions and accidents of childhood.

"LE PETIT FAUST," at the Grand Opera House, New York, with Mlle. Montaland as Marguerite, and Lea Silly as Mephistopheles, continues to attract crowded audiences. No opera bouffe has ever been put on an American stage with such rich and varied appointments.

"THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD," a dramatization in four acts, by Augustin Daly, has just been entered for copyright in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, D. C., and it is also announced as being in preparation for speedy production at the Fifth-avenue Theatre.

THE New York Olympic Theatre reopened on the 5th, with a new pantomime, for the winter season, entitled "Wee Willie Winkie," a most elaborate and humorous production, surpassing in richness of scenery, diversity of tricks, and freshness of jokes, the successful "Humpty Dumpty." Mr. George L. Fox is himself again, and revels in a congenial field of comicalities.

On Saturday evening last, the cozy theatre attached to the armory of the Seventy-first Regiment, N.G.S.N.Y., was crowded with the friends of the regiment, to witness the performance of "The Hunchback." The male characters were sustained by members of the regiment, and the female by the leading amateur artists of the city. The part of Julia was happily conceived and carefully acted by a young lady who gives much promise of a high dramatic skill.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 83.



FRANCE.—THE SHARPSHOOTERS OF THE VOSGES LYING IN AMBUSH AND ATTACKING A PRUSSIAN CONVOY.



FRANCE.—THE SACKING AND BURNING OF THE VILLAGE OF SCHILTGHEIM, NEAR STRASBOURG.



FRANCE.—DEMONSTRATIONS IN FRONT OF THE MONUMENT OF STRASBOURG, IN THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS.



FRANCE.—FOREIGNERS AT THE PREFECTURE OF POLICE, PREPARATORY TO RETIRING FROM PARIS ON THE APPROACH OF THE PRUSSIANS.



FRANCE.—THE PEASANTRY IN THE COUNTRY AROUND PARIS SEEKING REFUGE BEHIND ITS FORTIFICATIONS.

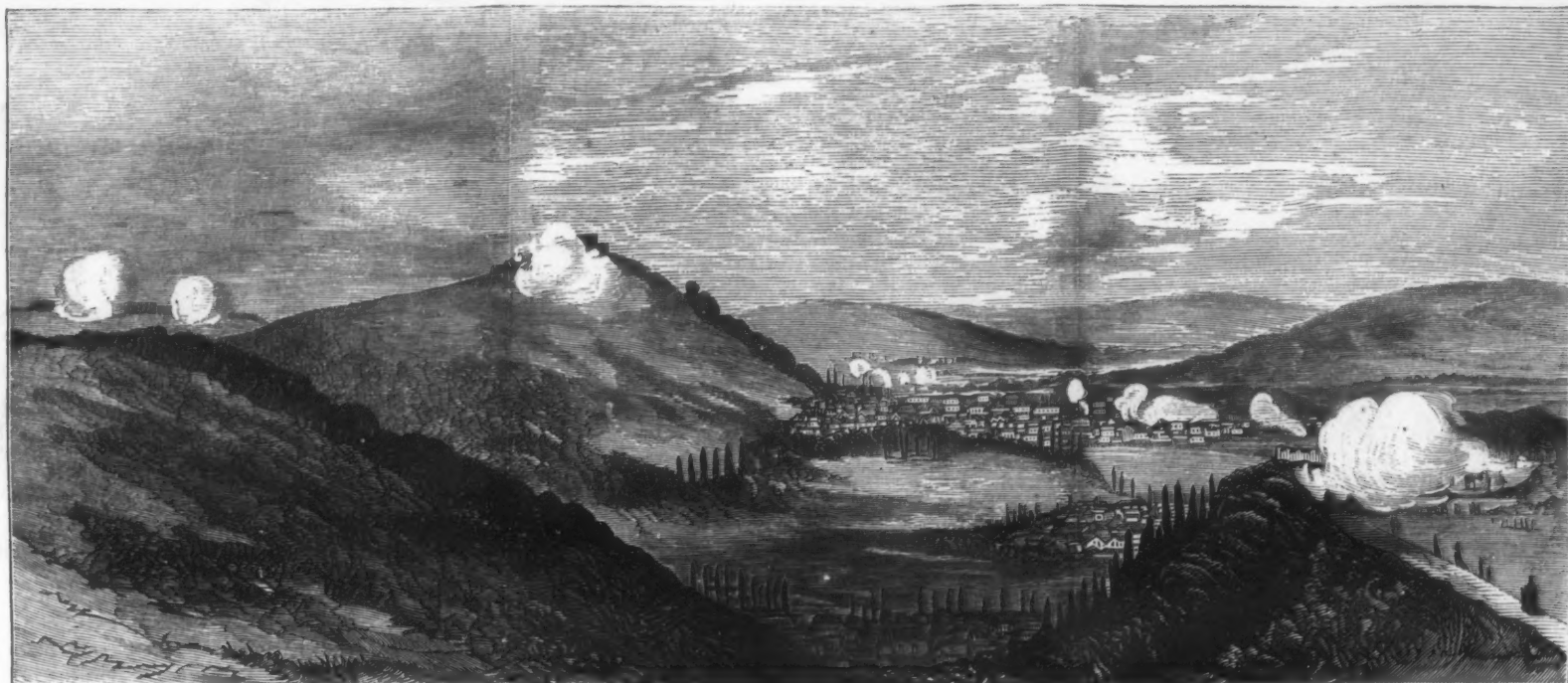


FRANCE.—PRUSSIAN LANCERS RETURNING FROM A RAIDING EXPEDITION FOR PROVISIONS.



FRANCE.—THE GARDE MOBILE OF THE VILLAGE OF SCHELESTADT REPULSING A BAVARIAN CORPS.





FRANCE.—THE EIGHTH PRUSSIAN ARMY CORPS BEFORE METZ.

## THE PRUSSIANS BEFORE METZ.

THE engraving showing the position of the Prussians before Metz is from the *London Graphic* of September 24th. The commanding height in the centre is the famous Mont St. Quentin, Metz lying below it to the right in the valley of the Moselle. The sketch is made from the camp of the 8th Army Corps, one of whose batteries may be seen in the foreground to the right. In the centre in the foreground lies the village of Bozerieulles, occupied by the advance guard of the Prussians; above it, and a little to the right, is the village of Moulin, held by the French. The distant hills are held by the First Prussian and Mecklenburg Army Corps. The

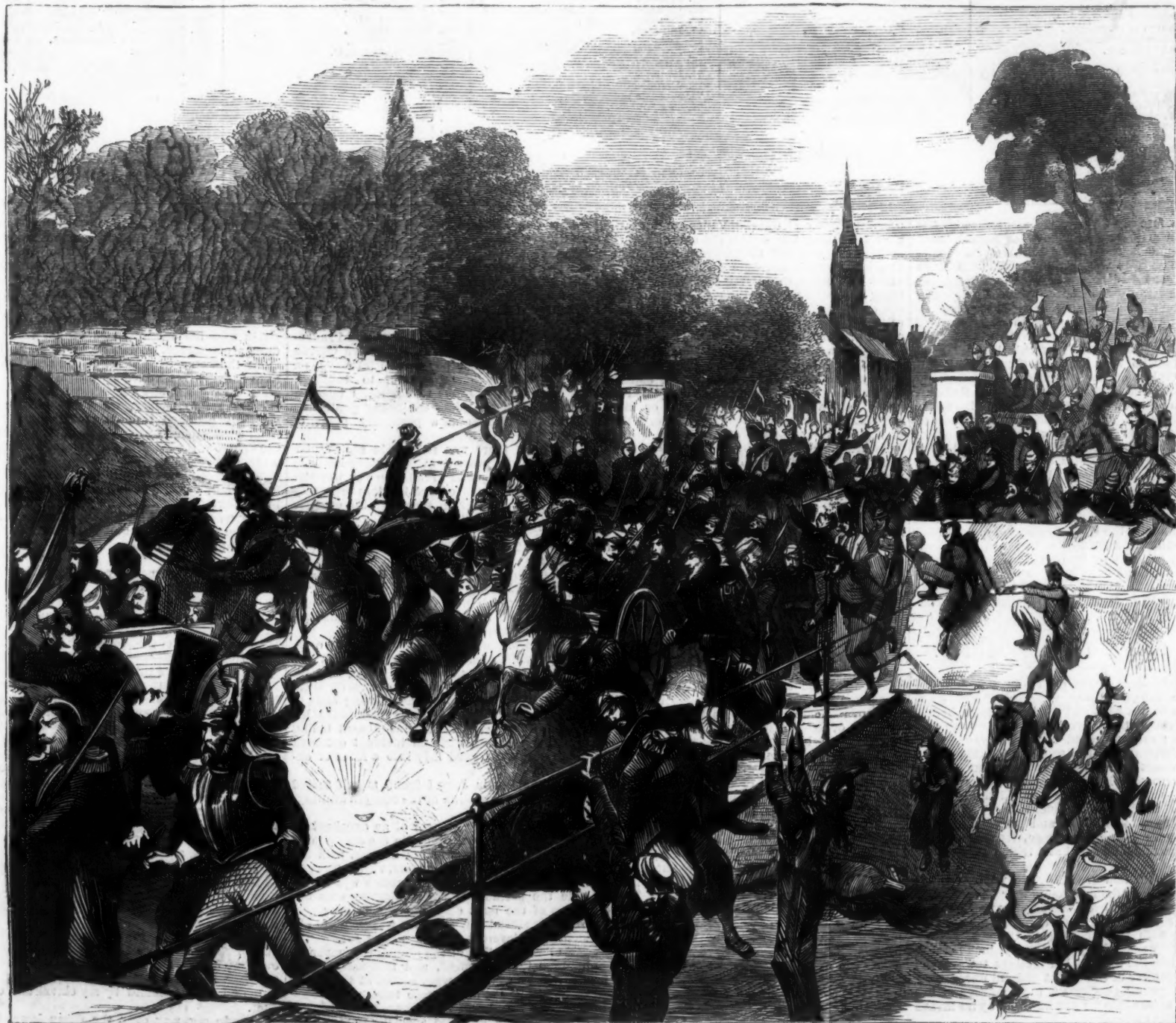
account of the state of the Prussian army is not a very flattering one. Heavy rain, deep mud, inadequate shelter, and scanty provisions have told their work upon the men, and there is a great deal of sickness in the camp. Of meat and tobacco there is plenty, but other things, bread, vegetables, coffee and cognac are much wanted, and difficult to be obtained. The brandy supplied to the men is spoken of as one of the coarsest and most fiery spirits ever manufactured; but, when they have been doing outpost duty all day or all night in the pouring rain, knee-deep in mud, and exposed to a biting wind, they are not critical as to the quality of their brandy, so long as it be strong and hot. Of the condition of affairs inside Metz we get

less trustworthy accounts, some declaring the place to be well provisioned, others describing a state of terrible famine and plague.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF SEDAN.  
STAMPEDE OF FRENCH SOLDIERY.

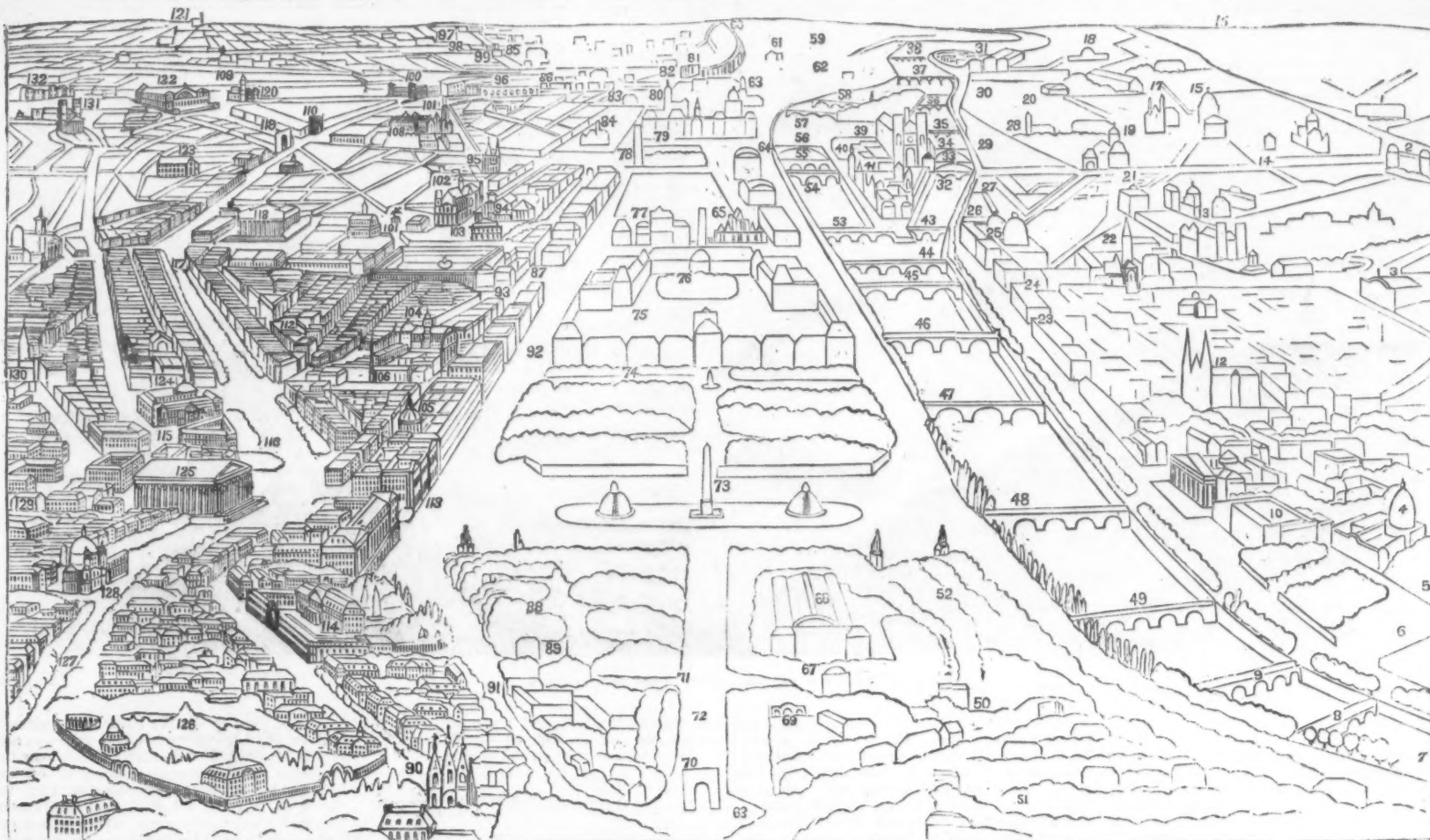
AN artist-correspondent of the *London Graphic*, who happened to find himself in the midst of the Prussian army during the battle of Sedan, has contributed to its pages two lively sketches, which may be entitled "The Bombardment of Sedan" and "The Stampede of the French Soldiery." He writes of himself in the third person:

"Remaining (while the battle was progressing) on the high ground so long as it was safe to stay, he was able to perceive clearly how the Prussians were gradually converging on the fated stronghold. It is probable that in this instance, as in many others during the present war, the French were outmanœuvred for want of sufficient information of the enemy's movements, and, being outmanœuvred, were presently outnumbered. Early in the day, according to the statement of a French officer, everything seemed to bode well for the French cause, and Marshal MacMahon was assured of victory. But presently two sinister omens of the battle occurred. MacMahon was severely wounded, and a strong body of Prussians appeared on the left of the



FRANCE.—THE STAMPEDE OF THE FRENCH SOLDIERS FROM SEDAN, PREVIOUS TO THE CAPITULATION, SEPTEMBER 1, 1870.





OUTLINE MAP OF THE VIEW OF THE CITY OF PARIS, FRANCE, GIVEN GRATUITOUSLY WITH NO. 785 OF FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

1. Sceaux Railway.
2. The Observatory.
3. Western Railway (left side).
4. Hotel des Invalides.
5. Military School.
6. Champs de Mars.
7. Bridge of Grenelle.
8. Bridge of Jena.
9. Bridge of Alma.
10. Senate Chamber.
11. Legislative Hall.
12. Church of St. Clothilde.
13. Church of St. Sulpice.
14. Boulevard Sebastopol.
15. The Pantheon.
16. Biotre.
17. Alma House.
18. Church of St. Etienne du Mont.
19. The Sorbonne.
20. Hotel Clugny.
21. The Odéon.
22. Church of St. Germain-des-Prés.
23. Legion of Honor.
24. Palace of Arts.
25. The Institute.
26. The Mint.
27. School of Medicine.

28. Church of St. Nicholas.
29. Church of St. Severin.
30. Jardin des Plantes.
31. Orleans Railway.
32. St. Michel Bridge.
33. The City Bridge.
34. Pont Neuf.
35. The Archbishop's Bridge.
36. Tournefort Bridge.
37. Anseritz Bridge.
38. Bercy Bridge.
39. Notre Dame.
40. Tribunal of Commerce.
41. Palace of Justice.
42. La Sainte Chapelle.
43. New Bridge.
44. Bridge of Arts.
45. Carrousel Bridge.
46. Royal Bridge.
47. Solferino Bridge.
48. Bridge of Concord.
49. Bridge of the Invalides.
50. Chailot.
51. The Anteuil Railway.
52. Champs Elysees.
53. New Bridge.
54. Exchange Bridge.

55. Notre Dame Bridge.
56. D'Arcole Bridge.
57. Louis Philippe Bridge.
58. Marie Bridge.
59. Lyons Railway.
60. Vincennes.
61. Mazar.
62. Public Storehouse.
63. Church of St. Gervais.
64. Place du Chatelet.
65. Church of St. Germain-l'Auxerrois.
66. Palace of Industry.
67. Diorama.
68. Avenue de l'Impératrice.
69. Jardin Mabille.
70. Arch of Triumph.
71. Round Point.
72. Avenue of the Champs Elysees.
73. Place de la Concorde.
74. The Tuilleries.
75. Place du Carrousel.
76. The Louvre.
77. Mayoralty House.
78. Tower of Saint Jacques.
79. Hotel de Ville.
80. Church of St. Paul.

81. Vincennes Railway.
82. Place Column of July.
83. Place Royale.
84. Church of St. Mary.
85. La Roquette.
86. Napoleon Circus.
87. Palais Royal.
88. Champs Elysees.
89. The Circus.
90. Russian Church.
91. Avenue Gabriel.
92. Rue de Rivoli.
93. French Theatre.
94. Central Market.
95. Church of St. Lew.
96. The Temple.
97. Père la Chaise Cemetery.
98. Prison.
99. Prince Eugene Barracks.
100. The Water Works.
101. Church of St. Nicholas.
102. Church of St. Eustace.
103. Grain Market.
104. Church of St. Roch.
105. Church of the Assumption.
106. Column in the Place Vendôme.

107. Place des Victoires.
108. Arts and Trades.
109. Canal.
110. St. Martin's Gate.
111. Imperial Library.
112. Italian Opera House.
113. Navy Department.
114. Palace Elisee.
115. Grand Hotel.
116. Boulevards.
117. Opera Comique.
118. The Bourse.
119. Gate of St. Denis.
120. Church of St. Lawrence.
121. Belleville.
122. Eastern Railway.
123. Church of St. Eugene.
124. Grand Opera House.
125. Church of the Madeleine.
126. Park Monceau.
127. Boulevard Malesherbes.
128. Church of St. Augustine.
129. Western Railway (right side).
130. Church of the Trinity.
131. Church of St. Vincent de Paul.
132. Northern Railway.

French forces. Swiftly, yet methodically, the German artillery approached the French lines, and hemmed them round with a circle of fire. Their aim was wonderfully precise. Already the French had begun to waver. Numbers of stragglers were seen quitting the line of fire, and when the Emperor re-entered the town by the Balan Gate, amid a storm of projectiles, during which several of his suite were struck down, he found the streets filled with disarmed infantry who had deserted their colors, and were crying out for cartridges. And now the bombardment became truly terrible. Sedan is built in a hollow, commanded by heights about a mile distant. The Prussian artillery directed a plunging fire into the town, and threw shells among the hopeless throngs of human beings who crowded the streets. Routed combatants, townspeople, and peasants, who, for security, had sought the treacherous shelter of the city, were all included in one common massacre. The ramparts were, it seems, unarmed, while the cannon of the citadel consisted only of four 24-pounders. Ammunition and food were both failing, an attempt to break through the enemy's line would have been hopeless, and so, at a council of war held at the Prefecture, it was resolved to avoid further slaughter by capitulation."

### A SAFE INVESTMENT.

JESSICA STORM was decidedly a very pretty girl, a brown beauty with soft hazel eyes, golden brown hair, and a peachy bloom breaking through the velvety dark skin of her oval cheeks; eyebrows and eyelashes were bright warm brown, and such splendors of scarlet and pearl dwelt on her sweet lips, and shone in the double row of little white teeth displayed by said lips, as would have dazzled the eyes and warmed the heart of an anchorite.

Her figure was slight, and peculiarly girlish, willowy in its flexible grace, free as air in its swift movements, and but a trifle above middle height.

Her disposition was sunny, but while archness dwelt in the dimples round her lips, the expression of her eyes was slightly pensive, and lent a charming air of dreaminess to her face.

And with this young girl, Charlie Vance, a promising young lawyer, was very much in love; but while the state of her feelings toward him was a matter of somewhat painful uncertainty to the young gentleman, the condition of her aunt's sentiments toward him was by no means under the same cloud.

Miss Prudentia Storm had two horrors in

life, burglars and Charlie Vance, and at the time this little tale opens, the energies of her mind were devoted to keeping both off her premises—a most exquisite little cottage *ornée*, about two miles out of the city, where everything that could please the eye, or minister to the comfort of the body, seemed to have been collected on a miniature scale, suitable to the abode of a maiden lady.

Despite a few peculiarities, Miss Prudentia was a woman in a thousand, and on my honor as a gentleman, her taste in wines, and the higher branches of cookery, quite equaled my own; and a finer glass of Lafitte or more scientifically delicious *pâte* I never tasted than at the oval dining-table of Rosehurst, though from the day I was the luckless means of introducing Charlie Vance to Miss Storm's abode, and niece, my invitations to the oval altar of cookery became fewer and fewer, until at length I was placed in the painful position of being obliged to choose between unlimited Lafitte and a French cook at Rosehurst, and a mere chop and the society of Charlie Vance in town.

Need I mention which I chose? It was painful, but I did it, or rather *appeared* to do it, which frequently answers the same purpose. In reality, I steered a middle course.

When a man arrives at my time of life, with refined tastes in the matter of diet, and means for gratifying them so very refined that they hardly exist at all, his mission must necessarily be to take the tenderest care of himself at some one else's expense, and such being the state of my case, could I, I ask, surrender the delights of Rosehurst for the sake of a struggling young lawyer? No! The nineteenth century could not expect it, and if it did, it would have been sadly disappointed.

I had three strings to pull at this time. To Miss Prudentia (in private) I shook my head over Charlie's failings, and reinstated myself in her good opinion. To the pretty Jessica (in private) I occupied myself with his virtues—and was rewarded by her brightest smiles. To the banished youth himself, I brought news of his beloved, and represented myself as a friend at court.

He was a fine young man, but did not possess much delicacy of feeling. He insisted on lending me a snug sum, not even requiring my personal security (which in fact would not have been worth much) for its payment.

I was pained, but controlled my feelings. I took the money, and a tiny note for Jessica's white hand, which it is needless to say I forgot to deliver, but which necessitated my inventing for her a tender verbal reply, which I flatter

myself was a credit to both my head and my heart.

I have always regarded it as a mistake my not having been born in the days of chivalry, as I am confident that nature intended me for a Troubadour, or why the vein of sentiment which runs like a thread of gold through the granite of my character?

To this day I am not aware of Miss Prudentia's reasons for declining to receive Charlie Vance at Rosehurst, but as she intended, on leaving this sublunary sphere, to bequeath her earthly possessions to Jessica, I imagine that she did not consider the young gentleman sufficiently eligible in a pecuniary point of view.

However, there was nothing in the statutes of the land to prevent his gratifying his taste for the picturesque in architecture by wandering on moonlight evenings in close proximity to the wire fence which separated the grounds of Rosehurst from the highway, and to this legal Pyramus lightly would trip the white-robed Thisbe, and while Miss Prudentia, stout and majestic, slumbered peacefully in her capacious armchair in the pretty octagon drawing-room, Charlie and Jessica, with but the frail barrier of the wire fence between them, exchanged vows and promises in whispers not calculated to penetrate to Miss Prudentia's bower.

Miss Storm the elder possessed not only eyes, but spectacles, gold-rimmed, real pebble, and which lent a very penetrating expression indeed to her countenance, but even with their aid she failed to discover the existing state of things, and as Jessica never mentioned his name before her, Charlie was almost fading from her memory, when an incident occurred which threw the good lady into a fever of excitement.

One evening in June I found myself seated opposite Miss Prudentia in the octagon drawing-room.

I am the happy possessor of an excellent digestion, and gently reclining in the corresponding armchair to that of my hostess, with my eyes fixed dreamily on the stars, visible through the open French windows, through which also stole the perfume of roses mingling with the aroma of the most exquisite Mocha ever prepared by mortal hands, I gave myself up to the virtuous enjoyment of the passing hour.

No light but that of the glimmering moon illumined the apartment, and that was all concentrated on Jessica, who, seated at the piano, was playing the air of some tender little German *lied* softly, and in a manner which I felt convinced was intended specially to woo Miss Prudentia's after-dinner nap to that worthy wo-

man's eyelids, for had I not surreptitiously conveyed to her the intelligence that Pyramus Vance would be at the corner of the wire fence at eight to a second, and had not that hour already passed and found her aunt's eyes open and abstractedly gazing toward the very corner where their tryst was named?

But gradually the influence of the soothing strain and the reminiscence of her *recherché* dinner conquered, or was about to do so, and more than once her majestic head and Roman nose had gently inclined toward her expansive black satin chest, and the German *lied* was dying away into silence, when Miss Prudentia suddenly bounded from her chair, and with hand outstretched toward a group of laurels in the centre of the lawn, she ejaculated the single word, "Burglars!"

Jessica sprang up from the music-stool with a low shriek, and sheltering myself behind the high back of her aunt's chair (in case the blood-thirsty wretch had a revolver), I looked in the direction of the laurels, and plainly saw a man's head and shoulders defined against the evening sky.

I recovered my mental equilibrium, lost but for a moment. I came out from behind the chair. I took her agitated hand. "Compose yourself, let me beg of you!" I exclaimed, placing her in a seat which did not command a view of the laurels; "I will investigate this mystery—be it mine to face the danger! Remain here till I return." And seizing the afghan from the sofa, I flung it over my head (I am very easily upset by the dews of evening), and disregarding the elder lady's adjurations to return, I sprang through the French window, and would no doubt have bounded toward the laurels, had not a shortness of breath, and a form of more solid stateliness than buoyant slenderness, precluded anything beyond a mere processional pace.

The fact was, I had recognized the outline of the supposed burglar as belonging to Charlie. Had it not been so, prudence would have suggested my remaining in safety behind the chair; as it was, that friendly counselor hinted that if Charlie were discovered prowling about the premises, I might be suspected of complicity in the affair, and forever forbidden the delights of Rosehurst.

I never disregard the whispers of prudence, and I determined, by taking the matter into my own hands, not only to prevent the discovery of Charlie's identity, but earn the eternal gratitude of both the ladies by my chivalrous conduct.

I made my way over the damp lawn, and found, as I suspected, Charlie, disconsolate at



Jessica's non-appearance, and unaware of his being visible from the house.

I urged upon him to depart, and he took my advice, charging me with a hundred tenderly reproachful messages to the charming Jessica, while with anguish of soul (let me beg the reader not to suspect a pun), I felt the pearly dew insinuating itself through my patent leather shoes, and imparting a curious coolness to my toes.

I watched him out beyond the wire fence, and then returned to the cottage, where I found Miss Prudentia, fearfully agitated, and on my account. Can I be blamed if a certain tenderness, as it were, crept into my manner as I took her hand and assured her of my safety, and that all danger was over for the present?

The air of Rosehurst agreed with me, so did the dinners; why should I not enjoy them in perpetuity?

"A truculent-looking tramp, a ferocious and insolent savage, my dear Miss Prudentia," I murmured, pressing her hand as I sank gasping into a chair; "but you may depend on my shedding my heart's best blood in your service! Ah, yes!"

At this critical moment Williams, the elderly footman, entered with lights, and I felt compelled to release her hand, especially as Jessica's brown eyes were fixed on me with a very odd expression in them, strangely compounded of laughter and wrath, for she also had recognized Charlie's silhouette.

Nothing could induce Miss Storm to remain that night at Rosehurst, with only the protection of servants.

"His fearful designs have so far been frustrated," she said, solemnly; "but who can tell but that he may return at midnight with a gang of desperadoes; and there is the plate, Jessica's oriental pearls, my diamonds, and my new French—!" Her voice faltered with emotion. "No, you must not leave us unprotected this dreadful, dreadful night!"

Knowing the extent of the danger, I gracefully yielded to her solicitations; and after a delicious *petit souper*, I retired to a silken-hung French bedstead, at peace with myself and all the world. How happy is the man whose digestion and conscience are in good order!

The following day I retired to my bachelor apartments in town, and a day or two afterward I received the following note from the hand of Miss Prudentia:

ROSEHURST, June —.

"MY VALUED FRIEND: Since that dreadful night last week, of which I need not remind you, my nerves have been in so fearfully agitated a state, that I have been utterly unable to attend to the ordinary avocations of life, and I feel that, unless I place myself in a position to defy the midnight marauder, I shall never know another peaceful moment. (My hand trembled. Was she about to—in fact, propose?) At length, dear friend, I have discovered what I have so frequently longed for, and you will earn another claim to my everlasting gratitude if you will call at the place mentioned in the inclosed advertisement, and purchase the article mentioned in it, at any price. I inclose a blank check, which you will fill up as you may require. Yours ever gratefully, PRUDENTIA STORM."

The advertisement ran as follows:

"A gentleman, about leaving the city, desires to part with a burglar-proof safe, a lock with a hundred thousand changes, and all modern improvements. Call at No. — Blank street."

To No. — Blank street I accordingly went, and found the advertiser to be a mercantile cousin of Charlie Vance's, whose business was taking him across the Atlantic.

I saw the safe. I bought the safe, and personally superintended its removal to Rosehurst, and at the same time conveyed to Miss Prudentia a sealed envelope, containing the word which was to act as an "open sesame" to its intricate machinery.

I did not see the ladies, for Miss Storm was slightly indisposed, and Jessica was out driving; so I returned to town, and, for a couple of days, heard no further tidings of the inhabitants of Rosehurst.

Charlie paid me a visit to bemoan his hard fate. His curls were limp, his moustache drooping, and his meerschaum was but a weariness.

He spoke words of wrath connected with Miss Prudentia. He actually spoke of that estimable woman as an "apoplectic old dragon."

He dashed his fist on the table; he stalked up and down my modest apartments.

I did not attempt to calm him. As well might I have striven to emulate the performance of the celebrated lion-tamer.

"I'd marry her to-morrow," he cried, speaking, it is needless to observe, not of Miss Prudentia, but of Jessica, "if she'd only have me; but all I can get her to say is, 'Dear Charlie, I can't make up my mind to vex dear auntie!'"

The blessed little angel! If I could only get some way of frightening or coaxing the old woman into giving her consent! But if it was a thousand years, I'd wait for her!

He groaned, and pulled Tom's ears (my cat) until the unfortunate animal erected his back, and expectorated freely into my friend's countenance, at the same time insinuating his sharp claws through the thin material of a portion of his summer garments.

Charlie sprang to his feet, upsetting his chair, and at the same moment a knock came at my door.

"Come in," I called, and in answer to my summons it turned on its hinges, and disclosed the portly form of Williams, the Storms' footman, standing on the threshold.

"Good-morning, Williams," I remarked, blandly. "Any message from the ladies this morning?"

"Yes, s'r—most pertickler. You're wanted up at the cottage in the wust way," and what appeared to be the shadow of a smile passed over the well-drilled features of the admirable domestic.

"What is the matter? I hope nothing amiss with the ladies?" I inquired, anxiously, while Charlie turned as white as his collar, and looked with fierce anxiety at the unconscious Williams.

"Oh, no, sir—at least, not quite; leastways it's the safe." Here he paused, and laughed behind his hand. "Beg parding, sir, but Miss Storm 'ave been and put everything into that 'ere burglar-proof safe, and she can't no ways get them out again—er 'air too, sir, 'and 'er teeth—she 'ave, indeed!" and Mr. Williams indulged in a second choking fit behind his hand, in which he was joined by Charlie, who roared forth his merriment in a manner I can liken to nothing but a cannonade.

"She's forgotten the word!" he ejaculated, for I had told him the history of the safe, and a sudden gleam illumined his features. "Go on, my man," he said to Williams; "let us hear the remainder."

"Well, sir," continued the man, addressing me, "Miss Storm told me to ask if you'd come out and see to it, 'and I brought the pony-carriage for to drive you there. She is in a awful way, she is!"

I seized my hat, and was about to follow him down to the vehicle, when Charlie seized me, and poured a torrent of words into my ear, and suffice it to say, that as the bay ponies whirled me off toward Rosehurst, a hired cab conveyed him in the same direction.

Williams had not exaggerated the state of affairs at the cottage.

Miss Prudentia, with her exquisite French coiffure replaced by a white towel, was seated before a large Webster's dictionary, endeavoring, by diligent study of its columns, to recall the lost word, for she had lost the paper containing it, and it had completely slipped from her by no means retentive memory.

It might be the name of a Welsh mountain—indeed, she rather thought it was; but then again there were a great many chances that it was not.

There was not a single article of value in the cottage, from her own teeth and diamonds to Williams's turnip-shaped silver watch, that had not found its way into the capacious maw of the burglar-proof safe.

A large and brilliant gathering at the house of a Fifth Avenue potentate would await her presence in vain, for how could she appear in society without those triumphs of French art which usually decorated her majestic person?

In this dilemma I found myself useless. The Sphinx riddle has been guessed, the Gordian knot cut; but where should I look for the name of a Welsh mountain wherewith to open the burglar-proof lock?

As my incompetency became manifest, Miss Prudentia's despair became acute, and in a burst of impatience she seized the poker, and commenced a vigorous assault with it on the door of the safe, but without making the least impression on it.

At this crisis my strategic talents came into play. I assumed the meditative attitude common to all truly great men. I folded my arms and knitted my brows, and Miss Prudentia gazed at me with renewed hope in her countenance.

"My dear madame," I said, feelingly, and at the same time taking her hand in mine, "believe me, I sympathize deeply with your painful position. Send for a mere callous locksmith to pick the lock of this treacherous article, and the public prints of this city will teem with paragraphs headed, 'Amusing Incident in Fashionable Circles.' The absence of your admirable—" I closed my eyes and waved my hand to signify that I alluded to the extremely delicate subject of her hair and teeth—"will be heartlessly commented on, and, in fact, your prestige in society will more or less suffer. Now, I happen to know a person who can assist you out of this difficulty, and who, for his own sake, will be strictly reticent on the subject. This person's name is—"

"I really do not care what it is," said Miss Prudentia, "so long as he opens this dreadful lock, and says nothing about it. I will give him anything he asks, I'm sure."

Miss Prudentia Storm had a reputation to keep up, as the most naturally got-up woman of her time of life in New York, and the detention of her—not to put too fine a point on it—wig in durance vile racked her really fine feelings dreadfully.

"Miss Jessica," I said, turning to that most charming of young women, who was standing beside me, a radiant Aurora, in a pink muslin morning-dress, and crimson roses stuck in the ribbon of her garden-hat, "you will find the young man at the corner of the wire fence, shaded by the laurels. May I entreat of you to ask him to step this way?"

She flitted away like a bird, and in a few minutes we heard her light step tripping back, keeping harmonious time to a heavier one.

I fixed an anxious eye on Miss Prudentia as the door swung open and disclosed the form of Charlie Vance standing on the threshold, and over his shoulder peeped the arch, brown eyes of the pretty Jessica.

I am happy to say Miss Prudentia was open to reason. She possessed a logical mind, and as Charlie, from having been in his cousin's confidence in the matter, could open the safe, and no one else could, and he was really doing very well at his profession, she graciously withdrew her interdict, and within a short period I had the happiness of attending the wedding festivities of Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Vance.

#### THE NEW YORK LIBERAL CLUB.

THIS rapidly growing and influential body was formed by a few "liberal" thinkers and students about a year ago, and celebrated its first anniversary on Humboldt's birthday. Its liberality does not touch the subject of religion, except as it admits a free discussion on any topic, not questioning the creed of the speaker beforehand, but permitting and inviting a free criticism from members and guests. The aim of the club is many-sided, including every object or subject of human thought and inquiry that can be treated in a scientific manner. The number of members is now about eighty, including several ladies, all widely

known in literary and scientific circles. The work of the club has been chiefly in hearing and discussing papers on science, from its members and from celebrated outsiders, many of which have been illustrated by diagrams, maps, specimens, etc., often at considerable expense. During the past year upward of fifty valuable papers on important scientific subjects were presented by members and distinguished guests. Among the curious results of the scientific element of the club was the "Liberal Club Jelly," made from a pair of worn-out boots, and eaten at their anniversary collation. Their rooms in Plympton Building, where they meet each Friday evening, are convenient and pleasant, and are being supplied (slowly) with scientific works, in various languages, both periodical and standard.

#### "CICELY."

[Alkali Station.]

CICELY says you're a poet; maybe; I ain't much on rhyme; I reckon you'd give me a hundred, and beat me every time.

Poetry!—that's the way some chaps puts up an idee,

But I takes mine "straight without sugar," and that's what's the matter with me.

Poetry!—just look round you—alkali, rock, and sage; Sage-brush, rock, and alkali; ain't it a pretty page!

Sun in the east at mornin', sun in the west at night, And the shadow of this yer station the only thing moves in sight.

Poetry!—Well now—Polly! Polly, run to your mam; Run right away, my pooty! By-by! Ain't she a lamb?

Poetry!—that reminds me o' euthin' right in that suit: Jest shet that door thar, will yer, for Cicely's ears are cute.

Ye noticed Polly—the baby? A month before she was born, Cicely—my old woman—was moody-like and forlorn;

Out of her head and crazy, and talked of flowers and trees, Family man yourself, sir? Well, you know what a woman be's.

Narvous she was, and restless—said that she "couldn't stay."

Stay—and the nearest woman seventeen miles away.

But I fixed it up with the doctor, and he said he would be on hand,

And I kinder stuck by the shanty, and fenced in that bit o' land.

One night—the tenth of October—I woke with a chill and fright,

For the door it was standing open, and Cicely warn't in sight;

But a note was pinned on the blanket, which it said that she "couldn't stay,"

But had gone to visit her neighbor—seventeen miles away!

When and how she stampeded, I didn't wait for to see,

For out in the road, next minnit, I started, as wild as she;

Running first this way and that way, like a hound that is off the scent,

For there warn't no track in the darkness to tell me the way she went.

I've had some mighty mean moments afore I kem to this spot—

Lost on the plain in '50, drowned almost, and shot;

But out on this alkali desert, a hunting a crazy wife,

Was raly as on-satis-factory as anything in my life.

"Cicely! Cicely! Cicely!" I called, and I held my breath.

And "Cicely!" came from the Canyon—and all was as still as death.

And "Cicely! Cicely! Cicely!" came from the rocks below,

And jest but a whisper of "Cicely!" down from them peaks of snow.

I ain't what you call religious—but I jest looked up to the sky—

And—this yer's to what I'm coming, and maybe ye think I lie;

But up away to the east'ard, yallar and big and far,

I saw of a sudden rising the singlerist kind of star.

Big and yaller and dancing, it seemed to beckon to me;

Yaller and big and dancing, such as you never see;

Big and yaller and dancing—I never saw such a star,

And I thought of them sharps in the Bible, and I went for it then and thar.

Over the brush and bowlders, I stumbled and pushed ahead;

Keeping the star afore me, I went wherever it led.

It might hev been for an hour, when sudden and peart and nigh,

Out of the yearth afore me thar riz up a baby's cry.

Listen! thar's the same music; but her lungs they are stronger now

Than the day I packed her and her mother—I'm durned if I jest know how,

But the doctor kem the next minnit; and the joke of the whole thing is

That Cis never knew what happened from that very night to this!

But Cicely says you're a poet, and maybe you might, some day,

Jest sing her a rhyme 'bout a baby that was born in a curious way.

And see what she says; and, old fellow, when you speak of the star, don't tell

As how 'twas the doctor's lantern—for maybe 'twon't sound so well.

F. BRETT HARTE.

#### NEWS BREVITIES.

GOOD COWS are selling in Maine for twenty dollars.

IOWA'S new State capitol is to cost about \$1,500,000.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., has a \$100,000 breach-of-promise case.

THE wounds made by the needle-gun heal very rapidly.

EMIGRATION to Southwest Missouri is quite brisk just now.

THE past summer has been most charming in San Francisco.

THE population of Ireland is about five and a quarter millions.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., is becoming a large manufacturing centre.

PIANO-MAKING is the third manufacturing interest in this country.

THE apple crop of New England is the largest for many years.

THE receipts of a French sanitary fair at San Francisco were \$33,000.

BASEBALL matches are the only contagious diseases they have in Chicago.

THE dance known formerly as the German is now called La Grande Cotillon.

NOW a race of men with cloven feet is reported as existing in Central Mexico.

A GREAT many horses and mules are being shipped through Nashville to the South.

THE British Government has suspended all its contracts for the building of turret ships.

IOWA has a population of 1,200,000, an increase of nearly a hundred per cent. in ten years.

THE beer drank in the United States in one year costs the drinkers twenty-one millions of dollars.

THE London "Lancet," the highest medical authority in England, thoroughly believes in tobacco.

A VIRGINIA newspaper has discovered that sumac makes an agreeable mixture with smoking-tobacco.

IN Oshkosh, Wis., gas-pipes are made of young tamarack trees from six to ten inches in diameter.

THEY toll a bell in Winchester, Ind., every half hour, as a signal for the inhabitants to take their quinine.

BEGINNING with George D. Prentice, ten Louisville journalists have died in the last twelve months.

TWO DES MOINES barbers recently ran off with two young girls, and a third cut the throat of his room-mate.

THE Edinburgh University of Chicago, with \$1,000,000 stock and unknown capital, has been incorporated.

A PET cow that had been missing four years recently returned to her former owner, a Mrs. Poe, at Albany, N. Y.

ILLINOIS has grown more rapidly in population during the past ten years than any other State in the Union.

A QUESTION now often discussed in business circles—the duties of treasurers of manufacturing corporations.

THE divinity school at Yale College has now more students than at any time for the past twenty-five years.

THERE are spent, according to Commissioner Wells's estimate, \$483,491,865 in one year in the United States for "drinks."

WE have heard of a yield this season of two hundred and fifty thousand bushels of pears on a lot of thirty thousand feet.

VALUABLE silver mines have lately been discovered by three adventurers about seventy-five miles from San Bernardo, Cal.

ORDERS have been sent to the military frontier posts to exclude furs from the Indian districts devastated by smallpox.

A CUCUMBER over four feet long, and a beet fifty-four inches in circumference, are among the products of Vermont this season.

THE prisoners taken by the Italians on the capitulation of the Papal army consisted of 4,900 Italians and 4,500 foreigners.

A BEAUTIFUL drinking-fountain for cool Cocahuat is soon to be added to the other public conveniences at the Boston Theatre.

MUSQUITOES have abounded in all parts of the country the past season. They appear to thrive best during an extensive drouth.

THE Governor of Illinois has secured the Second Presbyterian Church, of Springfield, for legislative purposes the coming session.

LANE SEMINARY and Marietta College have been adjudged by the committee entitled to a participation in the \$5,000,000 memorial fund.

WHEN Wisconsin prisoners are unusually ill-behaved, they are taken out of jail and boarded at a hotel until they are properly repentant.

A NEW species of fossil gaviel, considerably smaller than any crocodile hitherto discovered, has been found in the green sand of New Jersey.

MANUFACTURING tobacco raised in Southern Illinois is said to be worth five cents a pound more than that grown in any other portion of the West.

THE Acclimatization Society of New Zealand is buying Californian birds and seeds, frogs from Australia, pigeons from Africa, and fishes from England.

A LONDON firm has contracted to supply a house in Paris with six thousand mourning bonnets and sixty thousand yards of crape within the next fortnight.

AUSTRALIA has an import and export trade of \$375,000,000 annually, and last year there were 60,000 first-class passengers between England and Australia.

It is an instance of the improvements in railway accommodation and management, that now there is but one change of cars between New York and New Orleans.

THE water supplied to Montreal through the water-works is said to be a "perfect aquarium of horrors," and a "veritable mixture of food, drink, dirt, and disease."

A GIFT of two hundred and fifty elegant stuffed birds, together with the eggs of each species, has been made to Bowdoin College recently by a friend of that institution.





A VIEW, LOOKING FROM THE BLUFFS, OF THE FLOOD AT ROCKETTS, JAMES RIVER, RICHMOND, VA.



REPAIRING DAMAGES, AFTER THE SUBSIDENCE OF THE FLOOD AT RICHMOND—THE CHAIN-GANG CLEARING THE STREETS.



A STREET SCENE IN RICHMOND, VA.—THE PEOPLE REMOVING THEIR HOUSEHOLD GOODS.  
THE GREAT FLOOD AT RICHMOND, VA.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.





FRANCE.—A STREET IN THE CITY OF SEDAN DURING THE BOMBARDMENT OF SEPTEMBER 1, 1870.—SEE PAGE 85.

### THE GREAT FLOOD AT RICHMOND, VA.

On Friday, the 30th ult., the rain-storm which visited and greatly refreshed the thirsty earth in the Middle and Eastern States, fell with terrific force in North and South Carolina and East and West Virginia. Along the base of the Alleghenies it was particularly violent, doing much damage to farms and villages—in several in-

stances causing loss of human and animal life. Particularly was this the case in Fluvanna County, where, in the hamlet of Columbia, fifteen persons were, with the houses in which they were sleeping, swept into the swollen and impetuous Rivanna, and drowned. In the neighborhood of Richmond the storm, which continued with scarcely any sensible diminution for three days, wrought great damage to property, but, we believe, without serious loss of life or

injury to limb. A correspondent of a daily contemporary, writing from Richmond of the effects of the storm in that vicinity, says that at about five o'clock in the morning of the 1st inst. "the freshet increased, and the great body of water from the Upper James came rushing down, bringing with it trees, lumber, barrels of flour, fragments of houses, mill-wheels, haystacks, and the bodies of dead animals, rising suddenly several feet, until now

it has reached twenty-three feet above the ordinary level of the river, and is scarcely two feet from the base of the Danville railroad bridge and the foot bridge to Manchester. The whole of Rocketts is submerged, and the people are removing their families and furniture in boats to places of safety. All that portion of the city lying between the James River, Chokoe Creek, and Churchill, is entirely inundated. On Main street the water is so high as to run through



RICHMOND, VA.—SCENE OPPOSITE THE ST. CHARLES HOTEL.—CITIZENS IN SCOWS PICKING UP MERCHANDISE.



RICHMOND, VA.—SCENE NEAR ROCKETTS.—THE NEGRO THAT UPON NO CONSIDERATION WOULD MOVE HIS FURNITURE.



RICHMOND, VA.—INTERIOR OF A HOUSE AT ROCKETTS.—REMOVING FURNITURE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.



RICHMOND, VA.—SCENE ON THE BANKS OF THE JAMES RIVER.—NEGROES RECOVERING HOUSEHOLD UTENSILS FROM THE FLOOD.

THE GREAT FLOOD AT RICHMOND, VA.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, AND FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY REESE & CO.



the street-cars as they pass through it. Butchertown and the region known as the Valley, to the north of the city, is one vast sheet of water. Large numbers of vessels have been torn from their moorings at the wharves. At Rocketts, which has been completely destroyed by the frantic rush of the waters, several thousand hogsheds of tobacco stored in Mayo's warehouse is in imminent danger of submerison, and placards are posted requesting citizens to help remove it. Immense crowds of people are massed in the vicinity of both the bridges in danger, expecting each moment to see them swept away by the torrent. The old market is submerged, and the people are buying on the next street, to which the hucksters and butchers have removed their stalls. The second floor of Haxall's great flour-mills has been cut to give vent to the water in the event of its rising to that height.

In the midst of the excitement the bells of the city rang out an alarm of fire, and soon the streets in the vicinity of the celebrated Libby Prison were crowded with an excited populace, who made every effort to extinguish the flames, which they eventually succeeded in doing in that building. At a later hour in the day the entire portion of Mayo's Bridge, extending from Manchester to Mayo's Island, was swept away by the foaming torrent, and the huge mass floated slowly down the river. Further down, toward Rocketts, all the docks were completely submerged, and seriously damaged. The sheds and storehouses of the York River Railroad were inundated, as also were all the sheds below them. A large number of sheds and docks were either swept entirely away, or greatly damaged. Thus the wharf of the James River line of steamers was swept away, and a large barrel factory, over two hundred feet in length, was carried off by the terrible current in the upper portion of the city. At midnight of Saturday the rain poured down in great floods, and the river continued to rise, invading still further the lower part of the city. Hundreds of persons busied themselves in carrying the furniture from the houses about to be swept away. In front of the St. Charles Hotel, about the centre of the city, was anchored a schooner. Her crew pulled off in the boats as regularly as if at sea. In the lower part of the city the only object of attention was a single gas lamp that still burned, though within a few inches of being submerged.

On the afternoon of Sunday (2d inst.) a correspondent, describing the scene of desolation at Rocketts—the submerged portion of the city—says: "The rain poured down in torrents; the elements above and below seemed to have declared war upon the houseless denizens of the unfortunate locality. The water had fallen fully five feet, exposing to the view the tops of stranded shed roofs, one of which was lodged across a street; dismantled houses, many of them upturned, others in all sorts of postures. Those still standing, with the water up to the second stories, and in places piles of driftwood and debris, made a pitiable and affecting sight. The place seemed entirely deserted, and one looked in vain across the broad expanse of water for a sign of living humanity. The people seemed to have left their miserable and ill-conditioned houses for places less dangerous and more comfortable. Of all the wharf sheds, those of the Old Dominion line alone were strong enough to withstand the almost irresistible current. One schooner, which had been torn from her moorings, carried the entire wharf with her, and both drifted over a mile down the river, where they stranded on a point."

Our artist, who visited Richmond on the 3d inst., has given us seven graphic illustrations of what he there saw. We refer the reader to them, they being truthful in every particular.

## THE WIFE'S PLOT;

OR,

## THE PRIDE OF THE HATHERLEIGHS.

### CHAPTER XLII.

WHEN Mr. Dalton arrived at Hatherleigh, he found an invitation awaiting him from Lady Coryton, to spend a fortnight at the castle. He accepted it without consulting Ethel. Perhaps he feared to betray to her that shade of human weakness which, in spite of his pride, made him glad to remain in the vicinity of Augusta Hatherleigh.

No mention was made to him of the strange codicil which Mr. Hatherleigh had affixed to his will. For the present this was known only to the parties concerned, and he was merely made aware of the fact that all was left to Mrs. Hatherleigh for her life, and that at her death the estate devolved on her eldest son.

"I am glad that Captain Hatherleigh and his son are coming here as guests," he said to Ethel. "I trust there will be a full reconciliation now between them all. I hope so, for Mrs. Ralph's sake; she looks as if she had not long to live."

"Have you seen her?" asked Ethel. "Yes; she was at the station when I arrived, and she spoke to me of her father's illness, and she desired me to thank you for some kindness you had shown her—to thank you with 'all her heart,' she said. What is it you have done for her?"

"Nothing," answered Ethel. "I mean, very little—only what I felt I ought to do."

"I think I can guess what it is," returned Philip Dalton, as he looked at Ethel's tears in a sad, grave way. "You have, I suppose, renounced the folly of loving her son?"

Ethel could not answer him, but her pale face seemed to him reply enough.

"You have done rightly," he continued; "I knew I might safely trust to your sense of duty. You may have suffered some sorrow in it, but you have spared yourself the deeper pain of

causing him the loss of family and fortune and friends."

"He shall never lose either through me," said Ethel, firmly.

"I am glad to hear you say it," he returned. "I am glad you had strength and courage to send for me to take you away, when you knew he was coming here. You would have ruined him had you selfishly given way to a girl's fancy. I hope the affair is entirely over; half measures, you know, Ethel, are a folly."

"He does not even speak to me," she answered, restraining her tears. "When he came here to his grandfather's funeral, he avoided every opportunity of addressing me."

"He doubtless feels it would be wrong," said Philip Dalton, "to encourage a hopeless attachment, either in you or himself. He seems to have his full share of the family pride, and having come to his senses, he lets you see he won't outrage worldly propriety by marrying beneath him. Well, Ethel, we have our pride too—the pride of duty—and I think ours is a wiser pride than theirs."

He strove to speak cheerfully, but at heart he was deeply moved by the sorrow on Ethel's face, and the change over all her aspect.

"She has suffered more than I fancied," he said to himself; "and these Hatherleighs, in their pride, think nothing of breaking her heart. Why are you in such deep mourning, Ethel?" he said, aloud.

"Mrs. Hatherleigh wished me to wear it," she answered.

Philip Dalton looked vexed.

"You are no dependent of this family," he observed. "I see no reason why you should comply with such a wish. And your mourning is as deep as Augusta Hatherleigh's."

"Yes," said Ethel, abstractedly. "Mrs. Hatherleigh ordered it for us all alike."

"Yours is like her granddaughter's!" exclaimed Philip. "That is very strange. And you are but her guest. She could scarcely expect you to wear more than slight mourning. I hate black. You shall leave it off when we get to London. You must wear it, I suppose, while we are at Coryton Castle."

"Are we going there?" asked Ethel, and her face was suffused with a painful flush.

"Yes; Lady Coryton has invited us for a fortnight," he replied. "You have no objection, I suppose, to meet her son?"

"No—he is one of my kindest friends," answered Ethel; "he and Augusta."

"Ah, is she your friend?" said the cynic. "Beware! She is one of your enthusiastic women—she fancies she can do great and noble things."

"Perhaps she can," said Ethel, quietly.

"I doubt it," he answered. "Enthusiasm burns out quickly, like a fire fire; it is only duty which has a steady, lasting light. These romantic women never seem to understand that the highest and noblest deed has to be carried through by a daily dull round of duty—by a descent into the trivial, in fact, which they despise. They are incapable of a sustained effort, though they are always longing to plunge into heroism. Such women sometimes marry out of their station for love, and then pine to death, or rush into sin, because their dull, quiet home is not a palace, and the hard-working, plodding husband is not a fairy prince. If I trusted to one of these heroic loves, I should expect to see it die away in disgust and repentance, and my own grief would be greater than the grief I caused. No, no; I would never put enthusiastic love or romantic friendship to the test. Choose your friends from among your own rank, Ethel; don't trust to a Hatherleigh—don't lean on a reed that will pierce you through. If Augusta Hatherleigh knew your real parentage, you would find her friendship would change to anger. Why, a Dalton is far beneath her; what, then, is a Hartrow?"

This speech came partly from the bitterness he felt at Ethel's changed aspect, her pale face, her quiet, sorrowful manner. He thought it hard the pride of this young Hatherleigh should cause her grief, and all his family should look on with indifference, secretly approving of the cold worldliness which made her suffer. It was all this which made him touch Augusta's love with sarcasm; it was for this his cynicism stretched from Ralph to her to-day.

"You are mistaken," said Ethel, warmly. "I have put Augusta's friendship to the test, and I have not found it wanting."

"Do not defend me, Ethel," said Augusta's voice, in a quiet, though agitated tone. "Mr. Dalton, I never meant to be a listener; I have only just entered the conservatory, and I could not help hearing your last words."

She was excessively pale, and her lips were trembling, yet she looked brave and more beautiful than he had ever seen her. He did not even try to speak, or deprecate her anger.

"I have known, too long," continued Augusta, "that your pride as much exceeds our pride as the sea exceeds a river, but I had yet to learn that you could accuse me of the meanness of which you yourself are guilty. Mr. Dalton, all your life long you have been ashamed of your sister's child, and you have hidden her name, not so much to spare her pain as to save your own pride the shock of hearing the name of Hartrow. Let me tell you that I never esteemed Ethel more than I did at the moment when I heard and saw her acknowledge her unhappy father; and I never loved you less, Philip Dalton, than I did then, because I understood at last it was for a poor and paltry pride you had embittered my life. You could not endure to confess to me that Lewis Hartrow was your brother-in-law, and you judged me so meanly, that you thought I might one day reproach you with his crime, or repent my own love."

"You mistake me," said Philip, eagerly; "my motives were not so poor. I was unwilling to give you a criminal for a relative. I was resolved never to let you feel the pain and shame to which I was myself exposed. I am relieved Ethel has troubled you with this sad secret."

"Ethel could not avoid confessing the truth to me," said Augusta, looking around for her friend; but Ethel was gone, and she stopped with a deep blush crimsoning her neck and face. Philip Dalton, too, felt strangely abashed. This was the first time during all the long years of her patient love that Augusta had ever uttered a reproach, or acknowledged that his hard coldness had embittered her life. Her words had struck at his heart, and he never felt how deeply he rested on her love and relied on it, as he did at this moment when he heard her say it was shaken, and he might lose it.

"Will you forgive me?" he said, holding out his hand. "I shall not readily forgive myself for having grieved you. I wish you had not heard my hard words."

"It is not only now that you have spoken hardly of me," said Augusta, setting aside his hand without touching it. "You have known me from a child, you have had my love from the child's heart up to the woman's, and for what? Only to treat it as if it were too contemptible and worthless a gift to accept. Had I been a poor milk-maid you would have taken me; that would have gratified your pride—you would have conferred a benefit and an honor; you were too arrogant to accept these from a woman."

She turned toward the conservatory, but Philip barred the way.

"Why will you mistake me?" he cried. "Is it only the difference of rank and birth that has separated us? Look at yourself and at me. I am verging on age—you are young and beautiful. It was not a fair match for you. I dared not take advantage of your feelings to give you such a poor exchange for your youth and beauty as I have to offer you—who might command wealth and a high position, and have love with them too."

"No, I could not have love," returned Augusta, with the flush growing deeper on her beautiful face; "and you have no right to speak of an exchange for my youth and beauty, for I have never yet tried to barter them. I have asked only to give love for love. There was a time when I would have died rather than have said this to you; but the heart's own fever wears itself out. I think I do not love you as I once did, Philip Dalton, or I could not have spoken."

"Love for love," said Philip. "Will you have it now, Augusta? Honor has held me back all these years from speaking, not indifference."

"You speak too late," she answered, sadly. "I will not have your love now—I believe it is only pity."

"Augusta," he cried, as she went to the door, "you are wrong. Listen to me, I entreat you. Let me explain myself further. Your family had great expectations of your forming a wealthy, a happy alliance, suitable to you in every way; had I a right—I, a poor, worn man, not young—to disappoint them? Could I dare to take advantage of what I thought was a mere girlish fancy to secure my own happiness? I believed a marriage with me would appear to you in a few years as a misfortune, and you would passionately reproach me for my selfishness."

Augusta had stopped, and stood listening to him with downcast lids and burning cheeks, but she raised her eyes now and looked at him for a moment steadily.

"When I was a girl," she said, "you would have done wrong, I confess, had you taken advantage of my untried love, and made me your wife before I had proved, to my own heart and to you, that that love was dearer to me than the splendor and wealth the world would have given me. But when I was a woman, and you saw me deliberately reject riches, and honor, and even honest affection for your sake, then, I think, had you loved me in return, you would not have sacrificed my happiness to the pride and cynicism you cherish so dearly. For the sake of these you have left me nearly all my life to the sorrow wrought by a barren love in a sore heart. Now I leave you. I have my pride, too—you have not broken it yet."

"Your reproach is just," returned Philip, sorrowfully, "except when you accuse me of want of affection. My heart has not lacked love, but faith. I could not believe that, at my age, the perfect love of a noble woman could crown my life."

These words, spoken, as they were, humbly, troubled Augusta greatly.

"I have never thought of your years," she said, in an agitated voice. "You were young when I first knew you, and you have always seemed the same to me from that day to this—you have not altered."

He had her hand now, and drew her toward him gently.

"Will you do more for my sake, Augusta, than you have ever done yet?" he asked. "Will you disappoint the ambition of all your friends to be my wife?"

"No," she answered, with tears. "I feel I have forced this proposal from you by my own words. You speak from pity, not love."

"You are mistaken," said Philip, quietly; "but I cannot complain of your unbelief, when I have been so slow myself to believe."

"It is not my unbelief only," returned Augusta, releasing her hand from his clasp; "it is that you speak altogether too late. My habits of thought are fixed. I have grown accustomed to a silent, hopeless affection. I can bear it, but I doubt if I could bear dependence."

"Dependence?" he repeated, in wonder.

"Yes," she said, sadly. "I told you I had my pride too. I should have married you when I was younger, and let you work for me, thinking nothing of it. I might even have asked for luxuries that you could not afford to give me. But I can do none of those things now. I could only share a man's home as his equal, bringing my portion to the common fund either in money or in work. I could not come to a husband, like a pauper, to be maintained by

his labor, to be meanly dependent on him for the bread I ate, and the clothes I wore. No, I could not endure that bitterness. It is this terrible position of pauperism that makes women what they are—mean, cringing, deceitful, covetous, seeking only for wealth in marriage; for since poverty and helplessness force them to lay hold on a man's purse, it's better to seize a full one than a lean one. Philip, I will never join this herd of women who tarry to be maintained. I cannot accept alms, even from the man I love. I doubt if any woman's honor and truth can bear the debasing influence of marriage on such terms. Mine could not. I must be honorable and independent; unless brightness is but a dream for woman, and the reality can only be looked for in man. Now, I have told you what my pride is, and I think it will be harder to break down than yours."

She had spoken quietly and steadily, not nervously, not excitedly, and Philip had listened without a word of interruption. All his cynicism, all his pride, seemed flung back upon him in this avowal of a pride greater than his own.

"So you refuse to share my poor fortunes," he said; "you refuse to give me the pleasure of working for you?"

"Yes," returned Augusta, mournfully; "because you are too cynical, too bitter, too sarcastic in your opinions and feelings respecting women, to bear constantly, without arrogance, the spectacle of a woman dependent on you for every necessary of life. The sight of her slavery, the knowledge of your power, would feed your pride, and you would grow selfish, and perhaps cruel. In fact, I dare not—I could not live dependent on you. I might endure this humiliating position from a generous man, for he would treat me with delicacy, and feel more ashamed of his power than I should of my dependence; but were I so mean as to accept all things from your hands, Philip, you would soon think you had a right to despise me. It is an unfair position for a husband and wife, unless the woman has the heart of a child, and the man has the pity of an angel."

"I think your theory wrong, and your pride wrong also," said Philip; "it is no humiliation to a woman to accept the wealth or comfort her husband gives her."

"I have thought otherwise," answered Augusta; "therefore I am single still. Years ago my love for you would have blinded me to the pain of being helplessly dependent on your bounty; but now that I have studied your character, now that I know the depth of your cynicism, I am resolved that I will never come to you but in a spirit of honor and independence as brave and firm as your own. Being poor, I will not be your wife."

Philip felt bitterly the want of confidence, the distrust her words betrayed, but he felt also that his own cynicism had brought on him this punishment.

"If you cannot trust to my love—if you cannot believe that I would give you willingly all I possess—" he began.

"No, I cannot believe it," she interposed. "These are words we women are used to hear, and they mean nothing. I should justify your contempt of my sex if I permitted you to labor hard to give me luxuries, while I could neither aid you by hand nor fortune."

"You would give me a home—you would give me happiness," he cried; "better things a thousand times than money; and I do not want a hard-fisted, hard-headed partner. I want a wife."

But his words beat against Augusta's pride in vain. For years, by his sarcasm and scorn of her sex, he had armed her against himself, and she had long ago resolved to stand on equal ground with him, and never descend to a lower level to be a mark for his bitter tongue.

"Let us part friends," she said at last. "There is nothing changed between us. I only go back to the old hopelessness which has grown to be a part of my nature now. If I am ever rich, or if I ever learn to use these helpless hands of mine, I will speak differently. And I am sorry now, since it grieves you, that I am too hard and proud to live on your charity, but I cannot help it. You have taught me, that without honor and independence a woman cannot hope for esteem. Well, I will keep yours, even if I lose your love."

With these words she was gone, and Philip Dalton was left alone, to ask himself, in amazement and sorrow, whether he had done well for twelve years to embitter love, and raise up a spirit of pride, fiercer than his own, in the heart of a woman who would once have placed her hand in his without a question, and without a fear.

### CHAPTER XLIII.

"ANY NEWS?" asked Byles.

The individual to whom this question was addressed was a particularly neat, quiet-looking man—a stranger in Coryton, lodging at the clean, tidy apartments let by the mistress of the post-office.

"There is no news at present," he said; "but I expect some in a day or two."

Ephraim rubbed his hands gleefully at this.

"Will it be startling news?" he said, with a chuckle.

"Well, I think it may surprise one or two people," observed the quiet man.

"He! he!" returned Byles, with his narrow eyes gleaming with delight. "Some folks think to have things all their own way; but they find themselves disappointed now and then."

"They find themselves disappointed very often, Mr. Byles," remarked the quiet man. "How is Mr. Spence?"

"Well, our old man is no better," replied Ephraim, with complacent satisfaction. "He might as well be a mummy for any good he is now, you know."

"He is very old," said the other; "but then your father is very old, also, Mr. Byles, and yet he is still very active and intelligent—remarkably intelligent, in fact."



"Oh, the patriarch is spry enough; but as to his intelligence, I don't see much of that, though he is pretty hard-headed, I believe."

"He is exceedingly hard-headed," resumed the stranger. "In the course of my travels, Mr. Byles, I think I have rarely met with a specimen altogether so interesting as your father."

"I am glad you see so much in him," said Byles, with a little sneer. "He don't amuse me so much as all that."

"Well, he does me," observed the other. "Would it inconvenience you, Mr. Byles, if I came down to Sunningdale and had a quiet pipe with him this evening?"

"Well, I think you'd better not," said Byles. "I'd rather folks didn't know you and I were acquainted. If you want to make game of the patriarch, have him up to your own place. He'll come gladly; he don't object to grog nor yet tobacco; he ain't a teetotaler, like his son; pure water is my element."

"A very safe drink, sir, when we don't get too much of it," observed the quiet man. "I shall give myself the pleasure of asking your father to spend the evening with me. Good-by. I hope in a day or two things will be quite satisfactory."

"That means Lewis Hartrow will be caught," said Byles to himself, as the quiet man walked away with a sedate step. "What a solemn old fox he is, that detective! So they think I am too insignificant to do them any harm, and they attend to hush up all this matter, do they? Well, I intend they shan't. We shall see, when Lewis Hartrow is taken, whether Miss Ethel Hatherleigh will dare then to marry his son."

Captain Hatherleigh and Ralph were at the Hall. Milly and Augusta were there also; but Mr. Ernest Hatherleigh, his wife, and his two other daughters, were at the Rectory, where they were entertaining Lord Southdown and two or three other intimate friends. Both Ernest Hatherleigh and Lady Augusta felt themselves aggrieved by the mercy shown to Lina Spence, and although they so far succumbed to Mrs. Hatherleigh's wishes as to continue silent respecting her crime, they refused to meet her reputed son at Hatherleigh, and they avoided also all speech with the captain, feeling, they said, as if their secrecy almost made them parties to the fraud practiced on him by his wife. As to a marriage between Ethel and Ralph, Lady Augusta looked on the idea with scorn, and Ethel's own renunciation of her rights she considered only as a piece of childish romance.

"Acknowledge her to the world," she said to Mrs. Hatherleigh; "and in a year she will be ashamed she ever thought of Ralph Hartrow; she will look back on her absurd generosity with contempt, and she'll marry Arthur, and be the most fashionable and popular lady in the county."

"But suppose neither she nor Lord Brimblecombe wants to marry," said Mrs. Hatherleigh; "how will you settle your programme then?"

"Oh, that's nonsense!" returned Lady Augusta, sharply. "Arthur was in love with her at Rome, even before I told him who she really was."

"Rome is not Coryton," answered the old lady, smiling. "Let us wait a little, Augusta, before we worry these young people any further with our plans."

On this agreement Lady Augusta went back to her Rectory, and her maternal anxieties and schemes. And thus Captain Hatherleigh and Ralph met a very diminished family party at the Hall.

"So Ethel is at Coryton," said Ralph to himself, when Milly gave him that information. "She is beneath the same roof with Lord Brimblecombe. She went there of her own choice, doubtless."

The sting of jealousy was in Milly's heart also. This gave these two a sympathy with each other. They shared each other's *ennui*, and flirted together with considerable success.

"Of what are you thinking?" said Milly.

"Nothing," he replied; "I was only wondering whether there was a very lively party at Coryton."

"No," said Milly, "there is only Aunt and Uncle Coryton, Mrs. Cushing, Mr. and Miss Dalton, Arthur and Duffer. By-the-by, Duffer will have no one to flirt with, for Arthur will monopolize Ethel; so I expect to see him make an expedition over here to worry Augusta and myself."

"I shall not permit that," said Ralph, "at least as far as you are concerned, for I intend to flirt with you myself."

"Of course you do," said Milly, quite coolly; "I perceived your weakness even on the first day we met, when we went ghost-hunting together. By-the-by, what was the end of that mystery? Augusta knows, I am certain, but she won't tell me. Did you watch that night? and whom did you see, and what did you find?"

"Has not your sister or your cousin told you?" asked Ralph.

"No; Augusta will say nothing, and I have not condescended to question Arthur," responded Milly. "The fact is, there is a sort of quarrel going on between me and Arthur, and lately we have scarcely spoken to each other."

"I am very glad to hear that," said Ralph; "our friendship is likely to last the longer for it. There is a sort of quarrel between him and me, too."

"Indeed!" observed Milly, with a curious look in her great eyes. "What is your quarrel about?"

"What is yours about?" said Ralph.

"Mine! Oh, about nothing," said Milly. "I never quarrel about anything in particular. I like to have things vague; that's more teasing, you know."

"Well, I am a little uncertain, too, about my cause of quarrel with Lord Brimblecombe," said Ralph; "but I rather think it is because he is your cousin, and he calls you Milly."

"That is pretty well," said Milly, "but it would be better if there were a shade of truth

in it. I wonder what we are telling each other stories for."

She blushed to the ears as she spoke, and a vision of Lord Brimblecombe's letter flashed before the eyes of each.

"Won't you give me a true history of the ghost?" she asked, turning the conversation abruptly.

"The ghost vanished into darkness, as all ghosts do," said Ralph; "I know no more of him than that. If you are curious, you must question your cousin."

"I'll ask Duffer," returned Milly; "but I'll die of curiosity before I'll make a single inquiry of Arthur. I wonder Duffer does not come to see us; I want to know how they are getting on at Coryton."

"Suppose you take a walk to the heath," said Ralph. "You will have the satisfaction, then, of seeing the Coryton chimneys and the Coryton crows."

"I believe you want to go yourself," observed Milly; "the heath was a favorite walk of yours once."

Ralph had no answer ready for this, and seeing Milly turn toward the stile and the wood, he followed her, caring little whither he went.

## COMMANDERS OF THE NORTH GERMAN ARMY.

In previous numbers we have published portraits and short biographical notices of some of the principal Generals in that vast German army which in less than two months has achieved a series of successes which in ordinary computation, founded on the experience of former warfare, might have required as many years to accomplish. We this week present our readers with a series of portraits (for which we are indebted to the London *Illustrated Times* of September 17), representing the commanders of the northern division of the forces brought against France. Many of these officers are little known except in their military capacity; but though any brief record of their career must necessarily consist only of their progress in the army of which they are leaders, that notice will in itself be sufficient to show how thoroughly the entire Prussian force is organized and what importance has been attached to practical military knowledge during the years in which preparations have been made for the consolidation of the German forces. Many of these Generals have, however, already achieved a wide reputation, not only for ability as commanders, but as exercising extensive influence on political affairs, while some of them are distinguished for practical statesmanship. Taking them in the order in which they appear in our engraving, and for the convenience of the reader following the portraits from left to right, we have first to notice

CONSTANTINE VON ALVENSLEBEN, who is commander of the 3rd Army Corps, and may be called a veteran, since he was born in 1809, and entered as a cadet in 1827, when he began his military career in the Kaiser Alexander Regiment, one of those corps which probably took part in those grand military reviews in which the youthful regiments of Prussia joined the more disciplined troops of the Russian army in the displays encouraged by the Emperor Nicholas. From 1858 to 1860 he was the chief of the 1st Army Corps. Since 1864 he has been Major-General and commander of the 2nd Brigade of Infantry Guards, whom he led in the Austrian campaign and at Königgrätz. In the following year he was nominated Lieutenant-General, a position which he continued to occupy with remarkable ability till the call to active duty gave him a new command suited to his military skill.

WILHELM VON TRUMPLING, commanding the 6th Corps, was also born in 1809, and commenced his military career in the body-guard in 1830, attaining the rank of Major and general staff officer in 1849, during the Baden campaign, where he was advanced to the rank of General-Major. In 1864 he commanded the 5th Infantry Division of Mobilis in the Danish war, where he personally conducted the landing and subsequent march of the troops. In 1866 he had the command of the same division, and continued in that position during the following year, when he was appointed General of cavalry.

HUGO EDWARD VON KIRCHBACH is in command of the 5th Corps, and, under favorable auspices, combined with remarkable personal ability, has achieved a great reputation both for sagacity in council and skill in the field. In 1866 he succeeded to the command of the 10th Infantry Division, which took a prominent part in the battle of Nachod. In the present war he has been engaged as prominently as his previous reputation might have led his countrymen to expect. At Weissenburg and Wörth he took an active part, and added to the name which he had already acquired for generalship. Born in 1809 (apparently a great war-vintage year for German military commanders), he belonged to the cadet branch of a noble house. From 1855 to 1858 he was instructor in the General Military School, and, about 1859, was appointed chief of the staff to the General of the 3rd Army Corps. He was himself named Major-General in 1863, and in 1866 rose to the rank of Lieutenant-General.

JULIUS VON BOSE, Lieutenant-General commanding the 9th Corps (1869 was also the year of his birth), occupied an important position at the battle of Wörth, where he gained great honor for the conduct of the troops under his charge. General Bose entered the Prussian army in 1826, and, from 1858 to 1860, held the position of chief of the staff of the 4th Army Corps; he was created Major-General in 1864, and in 1866 was appointed to the command of the 15th Brigade of Infantry. With these troops he took part in the campaign, and distinguished himself in the night attack at Podol,

where, sword in hand, he led the men in person. At Munchengrätz and on the field of Sadowa he played his part, and was also opposed to the Austrians at Presburg. After these engagements he took the rank of Lieutenant-General, which he now holds.

GUSTAV VON ALVENSLEBEN is now one of the oldest of the Generals on active service, for he was born in 1803, entering a cadet corps in 1821. In 1849 he fulfilled the duties of chief of the general staff to the Mobile Army Corps in Baden; afterward in 1850, occupying a similar position in the 7th, and then in the 8th Army Corps. Appointed Major-General in 1858, Adjutant-General in 1861, and Lieutenant-General in 1863, the campaign of 1866 found the veteran high in command at headquarters, and in that year he took the Chief Generalship of the Transport Army Corps. It was not till 1868 that he was appointed General of Infantry and commander of the regiments that now form the 4th Army Corps.

EDUARD FRIEDRICH VON FRANCESKY, General Commander of the 2nd Corps, was born in 1807, and has also borne a part in the Austrian campaign. Leaving the cadet corps in 1825 for a Lieutenancy in the 16th Infantry, he rose until, in 1848, he became principal officer of the staff of the confederate force in Denmark. From 1855 to 1857 he was chief of the General Staff of the 3rd Army Corps, and from 1860 to 1864 commanded the Oldenburg troops. In the same and the following year he rose to the rank of Major-General in the Prussian army, and, in 1865 became Lieutenant-General and commander of the 7th Division of Infantry.

AUGUST VON GOEBEN, Lieutenant-General and Commander of the 8th Army Corps, has been placed in the position of a chief leader during the recent struggle, and there seems to be no doubt that it has been to the immense advantage of the German arms that he has been intrusted with a charge where his great ability might be made useful in executing the important movements which have been made with such extraordinary rapidity. Born in 1816, and entering the 24th Infantry in 1833, the General had turned his mind toward the affairs in Spain, and in 1836 he entered the Carlist army, and remained for four years, taking his share of its vicissitudes, and attaining the rank of a chief officer by various gradations. He was re-drafted into the Prussian army in 1842, with the grade of Second Lieutenant in the 8th Infantry. In 1849 he became head of the staff in the Baden campaign; in 1855 he occupied the same position in the 4th, and in 1858 in the 8th Army Corps. In the year 1860 he again took service with the Spanish army, where, in the Morocco campaign, he sustained the rank of commander of a brigade, rising to the rank of Major-General in the following year. In 1864, however, he was needed for the Danish war, where he was in the thick of it with the 26th Brigade of Infantry, and in 1866 he obtained his present rank of Lieutenant-General, by which he becomes commander of the 8th Army Corps in the present war.

PRINCE FREDERICK AUGUSTUS EVERHARD OF WURTEMBERG, General of the Garde Corps, was born in the year 1813, and is one of the most accomplished soldiers in the Prussian army. He is the son of Duke Paul of Wurtemberg, uncle of the King, and began his military career in the cavalry service of his own country, afterward taking rank in the Prussian forces, where, in 1844, he became Major-General; in 1850, Lieutenant-General; and in 1859, General of a corps of cavalry. Throughout the Austrian campaign he was in active service, and he is now regarded as one of the most experienced officers in command.

ALBERT, CROWN-PRINCE OF SAXONY, has an important command as chief of the 12th (Saxon) Corps. The Prince, who is the eldest son of Johann I. and Queen Amelia of Saxony, was born in 1828; and, in 1853, was married to Princess Caroline, daughter of the Prince Gustavus of Vasa. In 1849 the Prince took part in the Danish campaign, and was with the Austrian army, as Commander of the Saxon Army Corps, at Gitschin and Königgrätz. The military ability of Prince Albert, and his courage and activity in the engagements, where he led his corps in person, render him a valuable acquisition to the great army now in the field. In the series of battles culminating at Sedan, the Crown-Prince of Saxony played a prominent part as a leader of the Fourth German Army.

EDWIN FREIHERR VON MANTEUFFEL, the Commander of the 1st Army Corps, has already been distinguished with a high position in the present crisis. Born, like the rest of the veteran generals, in 1809, he entered the army in a regiment of Dragoon Guards, in 1827; became Major-General in 1858, Lieutenant-General in 1861, and General of Cavalry in 1866. In 1865 he took the command of the Prussian troops in Schleswig on the Oberwesel, and may be said by his rapid movements to have opened those operations on the Elbe and the Elbe which had such an important influence on the results of the campaign.

HEINRICH VON ZASTROW has commanded the 7th Army Corps since 1866. The General is now sixty-nine years of age, having been born in 1801. He entered the army in a corps of engineers, and from 1839 to 1841 served in the Turkish army. From 1845 to 1847 he was closely engaged in the commission for the improvement and thorough revision of the baggage and transport service for the infantry, and in 1848 and 1849 was with the army in Schleswig-Holstein, where he commanded a division. In 1858 he was raised to the rank of Major-General, and to Lieutenant-General and Commander of the 2d Division in 1863. After doing great service in the Austrian campaign, General Zastrow was appointed Commander of Infantry in 1868, and was soon afterward nominated to his present high position.

CONSTANTINE VON VOIGTS-BHETZ is another of the veterans of that wonderful year 1809. He

also entered the army in 1827, and became Staff Major in 1848, in the province of Posen, where his regiment was stationed. He occupied the position of chief of the general staff to the 5th Corps from 1852 to 1855; and in 1858 advanced to the grade of Major-General, rising to Lieutenant-General in 1863. From that time to 1866 he was plenipotentiary to the Bund Military Commission in Frankfurt, where he was chief of the staff of the first Prussian contingent. In the Austrian campaign he had the confidence of the King, and was with his Majesty in the famous council of the night of July 2d, 1866, which decided the battle of Königgrätz. He was also appointed at the same time Governor-General of Hanover.

GUSTAV VON MANSTEIN, Commander of the 9th Corps, and the last of the Generals of whom we publish portraits this week, was born in 1805, and became Major-General in 1859. In 1863 he was made Lieutenant-General. In 1863 he belonged to the storming column at Duppel, and commanded the 6th Division at the battle of Königgrätz.

## PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

THE Brazilian Emperor is on his way to Austria.

ALEXANDER DUMAS, SR., is reported to be dying at Dieppe.

GENERAL AIRY has been appointed Adjutant-General of the British army.

THE most popular physician at St. Petersburg is a woman—Madame Suslof.

QUEEN VICTORIA has written a letter of condolence to the Empress of the French.

EX-QUEEN ISABELLA, of Spain, has taken up her permanent residence in Switzerland.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE continues to improve. He is quite cheerful and communicative.

Mlle. NILSSON will have a public reception by the Scandinavians of Boston on her first appearance there.

NAI CHU is the name of a Siamese youth who has lately been admitted to the Freshman class of Lafayette College.

THE wife of Senor Oviedo, nee Fannie Bartlett, of New York, is said to be the most charitable and pious woman in Cuba.

THE Baroness Weuman died in England, September 1, at a good old age. When both were young, King William IV. wanted to marry her.

THAT eminent French scholar, M. Codieux, is publishing at Utica, N. Y., a paper half French and half English, called "The American Citizen."

GENERAL WIMPFEN is reported to have stated that he would have cut through the German army at Sedan but for the conduct of the Emperor.

JOSIAH THOMAS WALLS, the negro who has been nominated for Congress in Florida, was born free in Winchester, Va., and is well educated.

DE WITT VAN BUREN, an accomplished journalist, and editor of the New York "Leader," died on the 5th inst., leaving a wife and infant daughter.

A LETTER has been received from ex-Senator Grimes, of Iowa, in which he says he will not return to this country this fall, but will pass the winter in Switzerland.

VINNIE REAM, the American sculptress, has been presented with a costly gold chain and medalion by Cardinal Antonelli, until recently the Pope's Prime Minister.

THE new Princess of Greece is to be named Alexandra, after the Grand-Duchess of Russia, her grandmother, who is expected to be present at the baptism of the child.

THE Czar Alexander has conferred upon the great Prussian strategist, Von Moltke, the highest military decoration of the empire, accompanied by a cordial letter of felicitation.

REGENT SERRANO has published a decree in Spain permitting religious teaching in schools, but exempting from its operation the children of parents who object to such instruction.

MARTIN HARRIS, one of the men who is positive he saw the angel give Joe Smith the Book of Mormon, now resides at Kirkland, O., and is in his eighty-eighth year. He still holds to the faith.

THE clerk of the New Mexico Legislature has to call the name of Jesus Senay Garcia Francisco Antonio Mestas every time the yeas and nays are taken, and wants an increase of salary.

WE are glad to learn that the husband of Mme. Pauline Lucca, the Baron von Rahden, is not dead, as recently reported. He was severely wounded, but hopes are entertained of his recovery.

THE Commissioners of the Central Park have granted the request for the erection of a marble statue of Professor Morse in the Park, and Mr. Pickett, the sculptor, is rapidly completing the model.

THE Crown-Princess of Prussia, whose health has been shattered by her unceasing toil for the wounded in the hospitals of Berlin, has retired for rest to the German watering-place of Homburg.

BENSON J. LOSSING read a paper on "The Late Dr. Alexander Anderson, the First Engraver on Wood," including a brief history of the Art, before the New York Historical Society on Tuesday evening last.

THE Athens journals notice the death of Admiral Farragut, with eulogiums upon his character and grateful reminiscences of his visit to Greece in 1868, when he and his officers generously contributed to the relief of the Cretans.

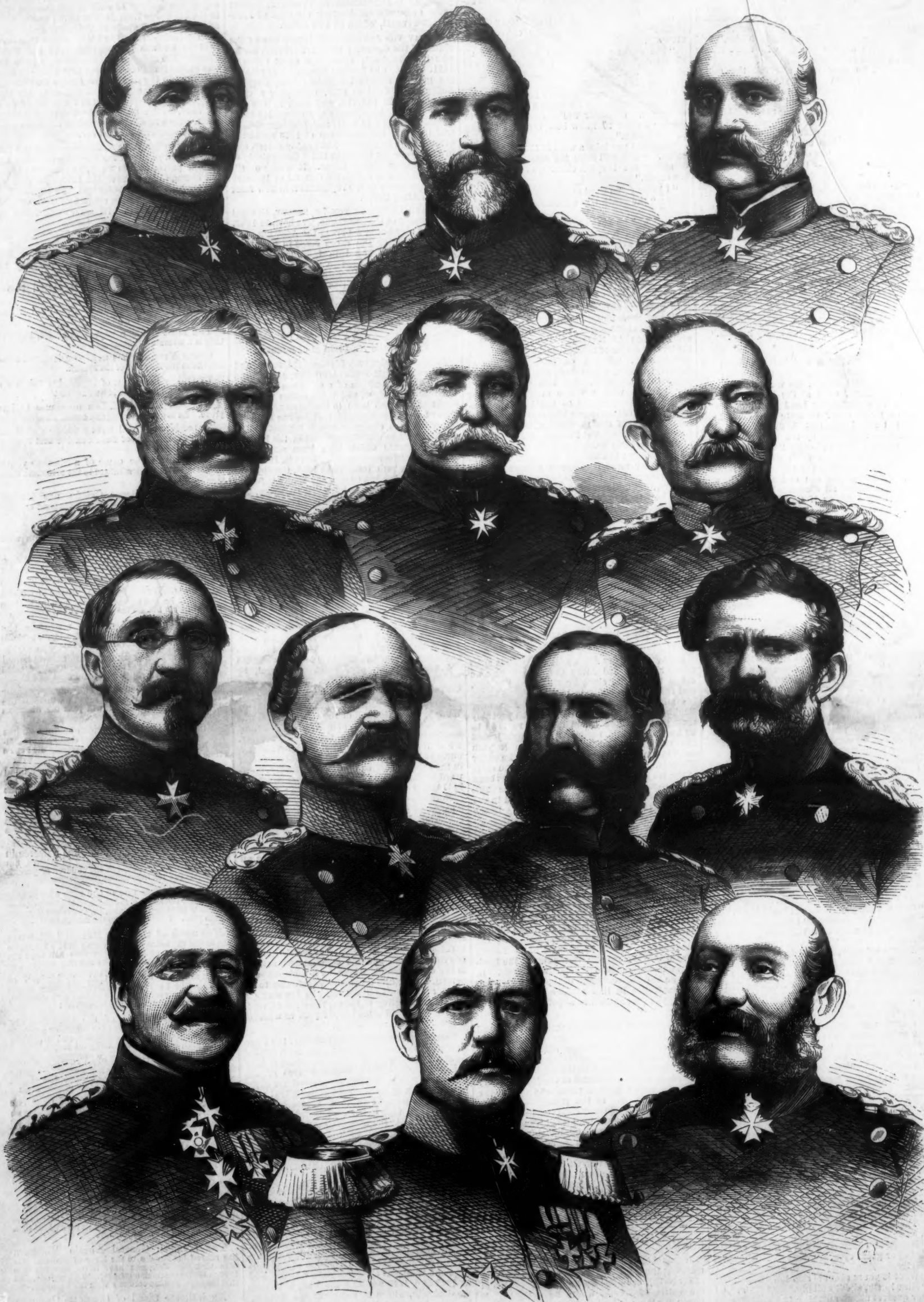
THE Hon. Henry G. Stebbins, Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, gave a dinner to Commodore Ashbury, of the English yacht Cambria, on the evening of the 4th inst., which was also enjoyed by a large and distinguished company.

THE Mexican General Angelo Martinez, has offered his services to the King of Prussia. He says that the Mexicans have never forgiven the French for their attack on the Mexican Republic, and that they sympathize cordially with the Germans.

AN intimate friend of Charlotte Cushman recently received a letter from her, dated at Rome, where the great actress is slowly dying from cancer, in which she says there is no possibility of her ever returning to this country, although it is her earnest wish to close her life in America.

THE first consecration in New York city of a Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church of the United States of America, took place on the 7th inst., when the Rev. William Pinckney, D.D., pastor of the Church of the Ascension, was installed into the office of Assistant Bishop of the Diocese of Maryland.





CONSTANTINE VON ALVENSLEREN, 3RD CORPS.  
 JULIUS VON BOSE, 11TH CORPS.  
 AUGUSTUS VON GOEBEN, 9TH CORPS.  
 HEINRICH A. VON KASTROW, 7TH CORPS.

WILHELM VON TRUMPLING, 6TH CORPS.  
 GUSTAVUS VON ALVENSLEREN, 4TH CORPS.  
 PRINCE AUGUSTUS OF WURTEMBERG, GUARDS.  
 ALBERT, CROWN-PRINCE OF SAXONY, 12TH CORPS.  
 CONSTANTINE D. VON VOIGTS-RIETZ, 10TH CORPS.

HUGO E. VON KIRCHBACH, 5TH CORPS.  
 EDWARD F. VON FRANSECKY, 2ND CORPS.  
 EDWIN F. VON MANTUFFEL, 1ST CORPS.  
 GUSTAVUS VON MANSTEIN, 10TH CORPS.





THE LATE JOHN SIMMONS, OF BOSTON, MASS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. H. GETCHELL.

## THE LATE JOHN SIMMONS, OF BOSTON, MASS.

THE munificent bequest of the late John Simmons, Esq., by which he devoted the greater portion of his vast estate to the founding of a college for the practical education of young women, bids fair to meet a well-developed want in the educational facilities of New England. The purpose which Mr. Simmons declared in his will of thus providing for a needed training of young women was not one of recent date. He had occasion to employ great numbers of girls and workmen. He found that many of them were incapacitated from work by reason of their lack of training. Individual charity in such cases he knew could only reach a few, and could not but be temporary in its beneficial effects. Therefore was it that the remedy suggested itself to him of providing for the establishment of a college to which this extensive class of workingwomen should have entrance, and wherein they should be fitted, by proper training and education, to obtain remunerative work in some of the pursuits of art, science, or industry. For this object he was enabled to leave at his death property valued at \$1,400,000, which, when it shall have accumulated to \$1,900,000, will be expended in endowing and maintaining the institution which is to bear his name.

Mr. Simmons went to Boston in his sixteenth year, from Little Compton, R. I., where he was born in October, 1796. In a little store on Ann street Mr. Simmons began his business life.

He was the pioneer dealer in ready-made clothing—a trade in which Boston has always maintained a prominent place—and was one of the first to adopt the "one price" system. His business grew very rapidly, and he removed several times to larger quarters. In 1854, having accumulated a fortune which was deemed a large one in the years before the war, he retired from business and devoted himself to the purchase and improvement of real estate.

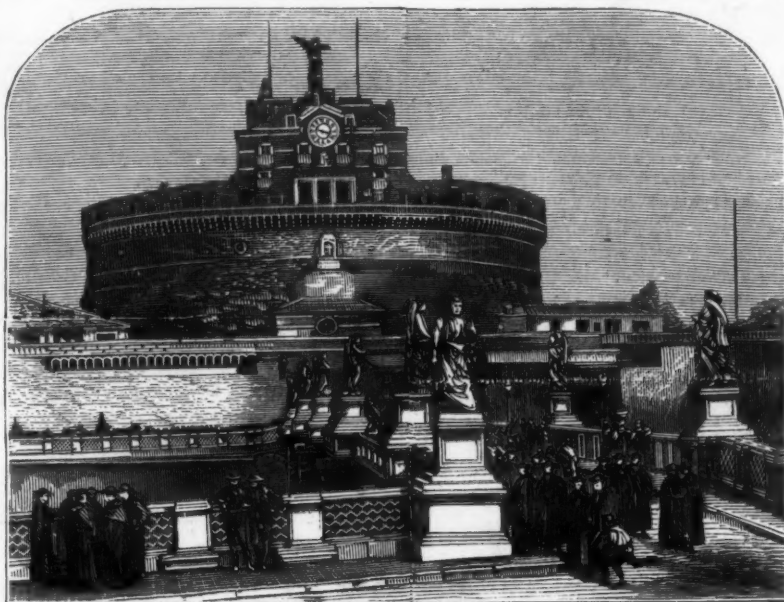


THE LATE LUIS AYESTARAU, OF CUBA.

Mr. Simmons was genial in nature, and fond of social intercourse, but he seldom confided his plans to others. He was naturally a very kind-hearted man, and performed many acts of

## THE LATE LUIS AYESTARAU, OF CUBA.

Luis Ayestarau, the young Cuban patriot



ITALY.—THE CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO, THE PRESENT RESIDENCE OF THE POPE OF ROME. SEE PAGE 83.

charity which were known to few. He was always straightforward and scrupulously just in his transactions, and when he made a friend, the friendship was a lasting one.

who was garroted by the Spaniards in Havana on the 24th of September last, was a native of Cuba, and twenty-four years of age. In 1857 he came to the United States to pursue a

thorough education, and remained here about four years. Returning to Cuba, he entered the "Salvador College," at Havana, and subsequently studied law. In 1866 he commenced in practice under the late José Morales Lemus, Cuban representative to the United States. In October, 1868, the revolution broke out, and young Ayestarau joined the patriot ranks. He was elected a member of the Cuban Congress, and took his chair April 10th, 1869, at the village of Guaimaro, the seat of government.

In consequence of his energy, tact, and patriotism, he was intrusted with an important mission to the United States, which he accomplished, remaining in New York city twelve days. On his return, he took a large quantity of arms and ammunition, and in an English sloop proceeded as far as the Keys on the Cuban coast, where his vessel was overhauled by a Spanish cruiser, and himself made a prisoner. He was taken to Havana, tried by a court-martial, condemned to death and executed, within a period of eighteen hours after his arrival.

His serene and undaunted bearing, his firm step, and his calm, smiling face, excited the sympathy and admiration of the vast crowd assembled before the garrote. Possessed of so many good qualities, so well and so favorably known to all classes of Cuban society, Luis Ayestarau secured, by his patriotic and heroic death, an everlasting fame, and his name will be recorded in history among those of the noble martyrs of Cuban liberty.

## THE NEW STYLE MASON &amp; HAMLIN CABINET ORGAN.

We present on this page a correct representation of one of the new Mason & Hamlin Resonant Cabinet Organs, for the improvements in which they have just obtained patents. They are superb instruments, excelling everything of the class which has before been produced.

Twenty years since, Mason & Hamlin started with the idea that they could and would make



THE NEW STYLE MASON &amp; HAMLIN CABINET ORGAN.



REV. W. M. MULLENIX, PASTOR FOURTH STREET M. E. CHURCH, WHEELING, W. VA.—SEE PAGE 94.



better instruments of this class than were then known, and with the conviction that the road to success was to make the best possible work, and only the best, and to sell it as low as it could be afforded. These ideas they have pursued with unremitting energy, perseverance and skill, which few could have commanded.

The result is known to the public. The Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs have become famous throughout the world. There is now a large foreign market for them, while at home the demand seems to have been limited only by the supply. Last year Mason & Hamlin made and sold over five thousand of their organs, and yet were unable to supply the demand. For years they have never known the day when they had not many more orders than they could supply. This fall they have added to their facilities another large manufactory, and expect to produce two hundred cabinet organs per week.

Such success would scarcely have been possible without superior skill in manufacture, and also the wise policy of selling as low as possible. With their present vast machinery and facilities, it is almost as impossible to compete with them in quality and prices as for a worker on a hand-loom to compete with one of our great cloth manufactories.

Mason & Hamlin announce a reduction of prices this month, and a new illustrated catalogue, which they will send free to any one sending his address to their warerooms, 596 Broadway, New York.

#### JAMES M. WEHLI.

We present our readers with an admirable portrait of this Prince of Pianists, who has returned to us after an absence of nearly four years, and so triumphantly resumed his position in the admiration of our New York dilettanti, his superb playing at the Nilsson and Kellogg concerts recalling past, imparting present, and promising future pleasure to his gratified audiences.

Mr. Wehli's art career has extended over twenty years of undisputed success, as the chief cities of the Old and New World can testify; and London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Milan and—though last, not least in our esteem—New York, etc., etc., place him on the honorable roll of their great and favorite artists.

His famous left hand is so multi-fingered that he may be called the Briareus of the pianoforte, and so magnificently does it gallop over the ivory keys, that in Italy he was dubbed by the cognoscenti, *Il Cavaliere del Cembalo*!—the cavalier of the pianoforte. Never indeed was player more dextrous with his sinister hand, and to pay him a left-handed compliment is no Irishism.

Jules Janin, the great and witty French critic, has a pretty and fanciful conceit touching *cette main gauche*, which we cannot resist translating; says he: "Tis as if there had been another convocation of Macbeth witches—only these were good fairies—and when this marvelous left hand was being shaped, and tapered, and perfected, the first witch flew into the magic circle, and cried, 'I bring thee strength!' 'I bring thee grace!' cried the second. A third came with 'dexterity!' a fourth with 'speed!' a fifth with 'elasticity!' a sixth with 'daring!' a seventh with 'sonority!' and then the chief witch molded them into one perfect whole, and so the left hand '*de notre charmant pianiste*' was made!" This is certainly well imagined by our Parisian confrère, and all who have heard Wehli recently can bear witness that the fairies' gift is in splendid preservation, and that the charm thereof, doubtless by the same miraculous agency, has been caught by his right hand also.

To talent of the highest order Mr. Wehli unites a gracious demeanor, is gentlemanly and sympathetic, and is immensely popular with the beau sexe, who—thank the gods—love the arts, and are almost always the first discoverers and warmest encouragers of merit musical.

Mr. Wehli is about starting on a Concert tour with America's favorite *prima donna*, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, and others, and this *Cavaliere del Cembalo* will soon be carolling round the States with a Weber pianoforte for his *cheval de bataille*, and the sun of popularity to brighten his progress. We prophesy that he will make Weber's Last Grand as famous as Weber's Last Waltz.

#### REV. W. M. MULLENIX, WHEELING, W. VA.

THE Rev. W. M. Mullenix, pastor of the Fourth-street M. E. Church, Wheeling, W. Va., is about thirty-two years of age, and a native of Hillsboro, O. On entering upon the ministry, he was received into the Ohio Annual Conference, held at Columbus in 1859, and for several years served this denomination at Granville, Newark, and Marietta, O. In the spring of 1867 he was transferred to the West Virginia Conference, and appointed to the charge of his present church.

His ministrations have been marked by happy results, and his quiet manner and varied talents recognized by a large circle of friends.

The Fourth-street Church is built after the Norman style of architecture, with a stone facade sixty-three feet wide. The sides and rear of the edifice are of ornamental brick. The church cost \$100,000, and is provided with audience, lecture, school and library-rooms. Organized about sixty years ago, the society has been remarkably successful, several flourishing churches owing their existence and prosperity to it, and its membership being in a healthy condition of increase.

A LITTLE four-year old boy sat alone on the piazza, when a new physician came to see his sick mother. The doctor naturally wished to make his acquaintance, and said, "How old are you, my son?" "I'm not old, I'm new," said the boy.

#### FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

FLEET men—Sailors.  
BAD taste—Assafetida.  
DEAD locks—Chignons.  
THE editorial jewel—paste.  
CLOTHES-LINES—Tailors' bills.  
A DEAD wall—A cemetery wall.  
THE seat of war—A camp-stool.  
HIGH-DRAWING pressure—A lisp.  
THE Gaul of bitterness—France.  
SOUL race—A college examination.  
THE best wine for vocalists—Canary.  
THE best flowers for winter wear—Furze.  
SPICY details—Statistics of the Nutmeg State.  
AN expensive band-box—The orchestra of a theatre.

WHICH side of a horse to take in mounting—the outside.  
IN what forest do palms most abound?—The forest of hands.

NATURE is now changing her coat of green for a yellow harvest.

WHY is a monk's company unpleasant?—Because he usually has his cow on.

A MAN in Boston is so short that when he is ill he don't know whether he has headache or corns.

THE New Haven Register says, "In—line, in the article upon Yale College in our last issue, for alum water read *Alma Mater*."

DOMESTIC discipline is maintained in Dahomey by the dread every wife feels lest her husband may give her to the king for a soldier.

SOMEBODY has written a book entitled "What Shall My Son Be?" If the boy is as bad as the book, the chances are that he will be hanged.

WHAT is the difference between the son of a rich man and the oldest son of a king?—One is an apparent heir, the other an heir apparent.

THE Turkish bath is a thing to be avoided by right-minded philanthropists; for their money is expended, not on the poor, but the shampooer.

A WITNESS was called to the stand to give his testimony. Having taken his place, he turned to the bar and earnestly asked: "Which side am I on?"

A CONTEMPORARY, speaking of a professor of cookery, says he was chief of the caterers, and was called the cater-pillar for that reason and because he made the butter fly.

THERE is a Serbian prince in the Prussian army whose name is so long that a company of engineers have been ordered to level down the consonants and use it as a pontoon bridge.

If the Italians occupy Rome, in what hall will the Vatican Council meet?—Why, in the Ecumenical, of course. Well, if the Pope cannot have it meet there, what will he do? Why, he will do Vatican.

A CALIFORNIA paper says: "Rufus Long, a monte-dealer, cut his windpipe with a razor at Ely. There was a woman at the bottom." It must have been a mighty big windpipe, or a small woman at the bottom of it.

A WAR EPIGRAM.  
Crosses against a person's name  
Announce its owner is marked;  
Thus we of luckless France may say  
She's been with crosses *Bis* marked.

"SIR," said the astonished landlady to a traveler who had just sent his cup forward for the seventh time, "you must be very fond of coffee." "Yes, madame, I am," he replied, "for I never should have drunk so much water to get a little."

A PHILADELPHIA carter says of a district through which he drives: "If you run over a youngster in this ward, the folks don't say anything, 'kase they got more children than wittles for 'em; but just run over a goat or a pig, and blast me if a mob ain't after you in two minutes!"

MAT M. was a queer genius. A neighbor found him at work one day at an enormous wood-pile, sawing away for dear life with an intolerably bad saw. "Why don't you sharpen your saw, Mat?" asked the neighbor. Looking up with an imitatively droll expression, he replied, "I should think I had work enough to saw up this wood-pile without stopping to sharpen saws."

A PATENT medicine vender in a country village was dilating to a crowd upon the wonderful efficiency of his iron bitters. "Why," said he, "Steve Jenkins had only taken the bitters one week when he was shoved into prison for murder, and what does Steve do but open a vein in his arm, take iron enough out of his blood to make a crowbar, with which he pried the gates open and let himself out. Fact."

SOME persons speak of their diamonds and jewels as if there were in existence no others who wore diamonds. There was Mrs. Job Johnson. She had a \$4,000 ring on her right thumb, and a watch set with pearls, rubies, diamonds, onyxes, amethysts, turquoises, agates, opals, and topazes, and she always smiled with her false teeth, and spoke with a false syntax, and was "anfully" given to saying, "Them's lovely!" and could with difficulty be prevented from writing her husband "Gob Johnson." And if she had any other characteristic, it was that she knew the difference between real lace and imitation by the price asked. And if she had any other characteristic, it was her perplexity concerning forks, when knives answered the same purpose so much better. And if she had any other characteristic, it was telling people how much her diamonds were worth. Once she ordered a silver set, and would not have it because the cups and saucers were not included. And if she had any other characteristic, it was contempt for people who had no diamonds. It was a cousin of hers whose husband found an oil well, and who wrote to him to get her a set of "vermilion."

"WHATEVER has been done in Paris and London can and must be done in New York," says the *New York Herald*, with regard to public improvements, and in catering for the refined tastes of the public. And while the business edifices which, as a rule, grace Broadway, are superior in every respect to those of the Continental cities, yet the Sixth Avenue is fast looming up as a competitor, as seen in the numerous alterations made in the Dry Goods Establishments. Of the most recent on the "Scroll of Fame" is the handsome store of Mr. RICHARD MEARES (late Ronaldson & Meares), corner of Sixth Avenue and Nineteenth street; who, to accommodate his constantly increasing trade, has been obliged to enlarge his store capacity, till it is now treble its former size, and actually eclipses some of the Broadway stores, in size, style, and quality of goods now on exhibition. Under the management of this energetic young business man, with a large staff of genial and courteous attendants, success is already secured. To the strangers visiting this metropolis, as well as thousands to whom the store is already a household

word, it will well repay an inspection of the varied and fashionable stock of *recherche* goods, comprising Bonnet Velvets, Velveteens, Sash Ribbons, Black Dress Silks, Satins, Plushes, Housekeeping Goods, Laces, Suits, Hosiery, etc.

RIMMEL'S PERFUMES FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF.—Ilang-Ilang, White Rose, Vanda, etc., etc., and his other toilet preparations, have within the last few years gained very great celebrity in this country, proving how well Americans can appreciate good articles. It is often asserted that if an article is well advertised it must sell. There is no doubt about this if the article to which publicity is given is a good one. Without this the public will not buy a second time, and the advertiser has to rely solely on new customers, who in turn are dissatisfied, and will not again venture to purchase. With Monsieur Rimmel's perfuming, it has been its unvarying good quality which has made it so popular. The style of advertising has been well chosen, and only very first-class mediums have been used; but these, combined with excellent articles, have sold an enormous quantity of Rimmel's perfumes. We regret to announce the destruction of M. Rimmel's Paris factory, where the extracts were all put up, but when the present trouble is over, M. Rimmel, with his well-known enterprise, will no doubt soon erect another factory.

LEA & PERRINS'S Worcestershire Sauce is pronounced by connoisseurs as the very best sauce ever compounded for suiting every variety of dish. It is equally good with Fish, Flesh, and Fowl, and equally piquant at Breakfast, Luncheon, Dinner and Supper. Without infaming the system, it gives a zest to the jaded appetite, and is an excellent relish to all cold meats. John Duncan's Sons, of 1 Union Square and 30 South William street are the special agents for the United States.

HARTSHORN'S SHADE ROLLER.—Is one of the most valuable inventions that we have seen. It is emphatically the most easily fixed, the most durable, and the most readily worked of all sliding window-blinds that we have seen. As there is no room required for side fixtures, it covers the widest breadth of window, and is adjusted in a minute. Call on Stewart Hartshorn, 62 Centre street, New York city.

BUSINESS MEN find it much more convenient to contract with an established Advertising Agency, like that of Geo. P. Rowell & Co., No. 40 Park Row, New York, than to make contracts direct with publishers. They gain the advantage of dealing with one person instead of dozens or hundreds, while the cost is not increased.

A HISTORY OF WATCH-MAKING, illustrated with fine engravings, and containing very valuable information to all watch-wearers and watch-buyers, will be sent to any one, postpaid, by addressing HOWARD & CO., No. 785 Broadway, New York City. Please state that you saw this notice in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*. 781-86

FOR MOLE PATCHES, FRECKLES AND TAN, Use "PERRY'S MOLE AND FRECKLE LOTION." It is reliable and harmless. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by druggists everywhere. 775-87

For Freckles, Tan, Mole-Patches, and Blemishes.

Use DR. FELIX GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier. Prepared by him the past thirty-one years, and positively reliable, and warranted free from lead and all mineral astringents. To be had at Dr. Gouraud's old depot, 48 Bond St., N. Y., and dealers.

NO HUMBAG. Five Splendid Photographs of Prussian Generals, only 10 cents. Address B. FOX & CO., Station A, New York City.

Lamb Family Knitting-Machines, 2 CLINTON PLACE, NEW YORK.

OXYGENIZED AIR, a cure for Scrofula, Catarrh, and Consumption. Send address for Pamphlet to DR. C. L. BLOOD, Boston, Mass. 784-87

HARTSHORN'S PATENT SHADE ROLLERS.

NO CORDS OR BALANCES USED. FOR WINDOWS, AWNINGS, CARRIAGES, &c. For sale by all upholsterers. The trade are invited to send for models and price lists. Orders filled only through the trade.

STEWART HARTSHORN, 786-89 Manufacturer, 62 Centre St., New York.

LINDEN PARK, STATEN ISLAND. BEST INVESTMENT IN THE WORLD.

CHASING HOMES FOR THE PEOPLE. Lots \$60 and upward, payable \$10 monthly. Thirty cents saved daily will pay for a \$100 lot in twelve months. Five hundred already sold.

Free excursions every Monday and Thursday. Send for free tickets, maps, etc., to office of

LINDEN PARK LOT ASSOCIATION, 37 PARK ROW, WORLD BUILDING. Orders by mail will be promptly attended to. 11

SEND IN SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER. A new volume will begin in No. 287, with capital stories and attractions unequaled by any publication in the world. One dollar will secure it for three months; the cheapest, best reading for the Fall and Winter.

\$1,000 PER WEEK Can be made on the quiet, by parties who are up to snuff, without interfering with other business. Address, confidentially, JAMES ROOD & CO., 636 Broadway, New York.

\$60 A WEEK PAID AGENTS IN A new business. Address Saco Novelty Co., Saco, Me. 778-833



This Brand of ALPACA, on account of its fineness of cloth and richness of color, has become the Standard Alpaca now used in the United States. These Goods are greatly improved for the Fall and Winter wear; being of the richest and purest shade of fast Black, and made of the very finest material, they are absolutely superior to any ALPACA ever sold in this country, and are now one of the most fashionable and economical fabrics worn. These beautiful Goods are sold by most of the leading Retail Dry-Goods Merchants in all the leading cities and towns throughout all the States. Purchasers will know these Goods, as a ticket is attached to each piece bearing a picture of the Buffalo, precisely like the above.

WM. L. PEAKE & CO., 46, 48 & 50 White St., New York. Sole Importers of this Brand for the United States.

#### INDIA SHAWLS. FIVE CASES

Will be opened on Monday, DIRECT FROM INDIA.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO., BROADWAY AND NINETEENTH STREET.

#### Fall Dress Goods.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO.,

Have now open a complete Stock of all the Novelties in

#### Fall Dress Goods

AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

Broadway and Nineteenth Street.

SYMPHER & CO.,

(Successors to D. Marley),

No. 557 Broadway, New York,

DEALERS IN

Modern and Antique Furniture, Bronzes China, and Articles of Vertu.

\$8.00. LEVER WATCHES. \$8.00. Solid Silver, Hunting-case, Full-Jeweled, Correct Timekeepers. Agents wanted. Address, 786-89. J. W. FRIZZELL, Baltimore, Md.

\$250 A MONTH, with Stencil and Key-Check Dies. Don't fail to secure Circular and Samples, free. Address S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt. 782-807

VINEGAR. How made from Cider Wine, Molasses, or Sorghum, in 10 hours, without using drugs. For circular, address F. L. SAGE, Vinegar Maker, Cromwell, Ct. 778-829

#### Fac Simile Waltham Watches,

Genuine Oroide Gold Hunting Cases, \$20. Chronometer Balance, \$25. Warranted Reliable Time-Keepers. Sent on approval, C. O. D., to be examined on paying Express Freight the Freight Charges only. JOHN FOGGAN, Pres't Oroide Gold Watch Company, No. 79 Nassau Street, N. Y. 783-86

BEST STORY PAPER in the WORLD. Sold everywhere. 6 cents. \$3 a year. A \$5.00 Prize to every Subscriber. Send two stamps for specimen copy. BOSTON, Mass. 785-88

#### YES, IT IS TRUE!

That one package of Prof. Hall's Magic Compound will force the beard to grow thick and heavy on the smoothest face (without injury) in 21 days, in every case, or money refunded; 25 cents a package, postpaid; 3 for 50 cents. EDGAR JONES, Ashland, Mass. 785-83

#### "Our Home" Laundry.

PUNCTUALITY AND EXCELLENCE. 21 AMITY STREET.

Lace Curtains, Gentlemen's and Ladies' Wear, etc., done up in a superior style. Goods sent for and delivered. Orders will receive prompt attention.

"ON A FIELD ARGENT A SWAN AZURE" is a story that will excite the sympathies of every lady. For this, and "A Stage Romance," "Miss Agnew's Money," "One of Madame Jane's Heirs," "Tom and I," "A Rhinoceros on the Rampage," and sixteen elegant engravings, obtain FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER No. 281.

#### RUPTURE

Cured by Dr. Sherman's Patent Appliance and Rupture Curative, without the injury experienced from the use of trusses. Pamphlets illustrating bad cases of Rupture, before and after cure, with other information of interest to the Ruptured, mailed on receipt of ten cents. Address DR. J. A. SHERMAN, 697 Broadway, New York.



**ALTMAN BROS. & CO.,** Sixth Avenue. Open on Monday, October 16th, with the following rich assortment of novelties and choice Fall goods:

**ALTMAN BROS. & CO.,** Sixth Avenue. Rich Bonnet and Cloak Velvets, Velveteens, Satins, Poplins, Alpaca, and Waterproof Spanglins.

**ALTMAN BROS. & CO.,** Sixth Avenue. Poplin Walking Dresses at \$18. 10 Cases Splendid Waterproof Cloth at \$1.12. Sold elsewhere, \$1.50 to \$1.60.

**ALTMAN BROS. & CO.,** Sixth Avenue. Splendid black Alpaca, 60c; worth \$1. Colored Alpaca, very low prices. Best Poplin Plaid, 34c; worth 50c.

**ALTMAN BROS. & CO.,** Sixth Avenue. English Lustre Poplins, 37c; worth 75c. Silk & Wool Poplins, 75c; worth \$1.25. Scotch Plaids, nearly 1 yard wide, 34c.

**ALTMAN BROS. & CO.,** Sixth Avenue. Offer the celebrated "PERINOT" glove at an increase of only 5c. per pair. It excels the popular "Alexandre."

**ALTMAN BROS. & CO.,** Sixth Avenue. Broadway Houses have raised their prices 10 to 15 per cent. on account of the European War. WE HAVE NOT.

**ALTMAN BROS. & CO.,** Sixth Avenue. New Kids, Beautiful Colors at \$1. do double buttoned, splendid, \$1.35. do very best, warranted, at \$1.85.

**ALTMAN BROS. & CO.,** Sixth Avenue. Splendid Blankets and Flannels just received; one scarlet and blue Opera Flannel, 55c. per yard; worth 65c.

**ALTMAN BROS. & CO.,** Sixth Avenue. Regular made British Hose, 25c; worth 30c. Real Lisle Thread Hose, 50c; worth 60. Genuine Balbriggans at 75c.

**ALTMAN BROS. & CO.,** Sixth Avenue. Ladies' and Children's undergarments in Linen, Cambric, Muslin, and Flannel, best make, pure quality.

**ALTMAN BROS. & CO.,** Sixth Avenue. Orders received and executed in twenty-four hours; samples sent free to any part upon application.

**ALTMAN BROS. & CO.,** Sixth Avenue. Are offering this Fall the most beautiful novelties presented this season, at lowest selling prices.

## At Richard Meares,

Sixth Ave. and Nineteenth St.

(Successor to RONALDSON & MEARES),

HAVING INCREASED MY STORE capacity to treble its former size, necessitated by a constantly increasing trade, I am now opening an entire

### NEW STOCK OF FALL GOODS.

Which I will sell at extraordinary low prices.

#### BLACK SILKS.

Fifty pieces Black Silks, \$1 and \$1.25; worth \$1.50. Heavy Black Gros Grain, \$1.50 and \$1.75; worth \$2.25. Extra Heavy Gros Grain, \$1.75; worth \$2.25. Very wide Gros De Nap, \$2 and \$2.25; worth \$3. A splendid quality, \$2.50 and \$2.75; worth \$3.50.

#### VELVETS AND VELVETEENS.

Fine Colored Bonnet Velvets, \$1.50 and \$1.75. Best Colored Bonnet Velvets, \$2 to \$2.50; worth \$3. Black Bonnet Velvets, \$1.25 and \$1.50; worth \$2. Fine Black Velvets, \$1.50 and \$2; worth \$3. Best Black Velvets, \$2.25, \$2.50 and \$2.75. Fine Cloaking Velvets, \$5 and \$6; worth \$8. Extra fine do \$7 and \$7.50; worth \$12. Fine Velveteens, 63 cts., 75 cts., 88 cts., and \$1. Best Velveteens, \$1.25 and \$1.50. Brown, Green and Purple Plushes, \$1 per yard. Great Variety of Fancy Plushes, \$1 to \$1.50.

Fine Black Alpaca, 25cts., and 31cts.; worth 38cts.

Better Goods, 35 cts., and 38 cts.; worth 50 cts. Very fine Alpaca, 50 cts. to 75 cts. Wide Black Sash Ribbons, 75 cts., 85 cts., 95 cts., and \$1.

#### LADIES' UNDERWEAR.

Fine Chemises, 75 cts., 88 cts., \$1 and \$1.25. Fine Chemises, Linen Fronts, \$1. Fine Drawers, 69 cts., 75 cts., 88 cts., \$1 and \$1.25. Night Gowns, Tucked Front, top to bottom, \$1.50. do full size, Trimmed Yoke, \$1.75, \$1.88, \$2.

#### CORSET DEPARTMENT.

French Sewed and Hand-made Corsets, 75 cts., 88 cts., and \$1. Fine Hand-made Corsets, \$1.25, \$1.38, \$1.50. Very best French and Hand-made, \$2 to \$3.

#### Hosiery, Gloves, and Underwear.

Full assortment of every make and quality. Ladies' English Regular-made Hose, 25 cts. Ladies' Fine Balbriggan, 50 cts., 63 cts., and 75 cts. Ladies' Merino Vests, 63 cts., 75 cts., 88 cts., 95 cts., \$1, and \$1.12. Ladies' Merino Drawers, 63 cts., 88 cts., 95 cts., \$1, and \$1.12. Misses' Merino Vests, 35 cts., 38 cts., 44 cts., 63 cts., 75 cts., and 85 cts. Misses' Merino Drawers, 75 cts., 85 cts., 95 cts., and \$1. Gents' Merino Vests, 75 cts., 85 cts., and \$1; fine goods.

All the new shades of our celebrated Dollar Kid Gloves. Every pair warranted, or give another if they tear. Cuffed Kid Gloves, superior article, \$1.25.

#### HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.

200 pair All Wool 10-14 Blankets, \$3.50 and \$4. 200 pair All Wool 11-14 Blankets, 6.50 and 6.50. 100 dozen Huck Towels, \$1.38, \$1.50 and \$1.75. Large and Heavy Huck Towels, \$2, \$2.35, and \$2.50 per dozen. Large Damask Towels, \$4, \$4.25, and \$4.50 per doz. Large Linen Napkins, \$1, \$1.25, and \$1.50 per doz. Bleached Table Damask, two yards wide, 63 cts. Very Fine do., 75 cts., 95 cts., and \$1.

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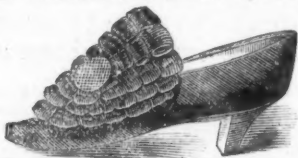
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February.....	394,176 47	July.....	784,000 64
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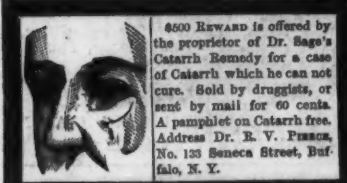
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